THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
DECEMBER 12 1928
FIVE CENTS

VOLUME I NUMBER 44

Paul Flanders
Drawer Z

ROBINSON JEFFERS NUMBER

CARMEL'S CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

Carmel is going to have a very beautiful Christmas festival this year in the Theatre of the Golden Bough, which Gerald Hardy is giving for the occasion. It will consist of five tableaux picturing the Nativity. These are to be the work of Catherine Seideneck and if they are as lovely in actuality as they are in the sketches, it will be a very memorable performance.

The first tableau will be the Annunciation and the tone-coloring will be delicate and ethereal. The second will be the group of shepherds on the hill, in all the warm earth-tones from red to gold. The third will be the wise men grouped against a midnight-blue sky, with the camel shadow in the background. In the fourth picture the madonna and child will be surrounded by a careful arrangement of all the tones of the preceeding pictures united into one harmony. The final tableau will be the madonna with angels. No one could have been better chosen for this work than Catherine Seideneck. She has responded to the occasion with all the sincerity of the true artist.

Mrs. H. F. Dickinson is in charge of the music. Her program consists of music which is the finest of its kind, including selections for orchestra, carols for men's voices, women's voices and children's voices. This music will be given during the intervals between the tableaux and during the picture a fine thread of melody will be carried by flute, violin or voice. Nothing of this kind has been attempted in Carmel before and it is hoped that this will be the beginning of something permanent in the community. It is significant that there has been this sincere demand for something of a purely spiritual nature among us, and it is hoped that many will respond to the need for reverence and true beauty which has brought it about.

Funds are coming in already from those who realize that a thing of this kind is of charm and value of Carmel.

LINOLEUM CUT BY STANLEY WOOD

Carmel News

CAROLS

INVITATION TO EVERYBODY

There will be a rehearsal of Christmas carols for everybody in Carmel, next Sunday afternoon at three at the Sunset School. All the carols to be sung about the community tree on Christmas eve will be reviewed, a part of that building up of a tradition of song which gives Christmas its mellow quality. There will be singing also on Sunday of carols in rehearsal for the Festival in the Golden Bough, on the Sunday afternoon before Christmas. Some of these are for mixed quartet, with orchestral accompaniment, —ancient traditional songs, and Bach chorales of great beauty.

The songs for the tree are the old ones, familiar and dear,—Adeste Fideles, O little town of Bethlehem, Silent Night. Coming to sing these next Sunday afternoon may be a civic duty for good citizens, but it is much more than that. It is one of the jolliest possible ways to invite the Christmas spirit.

RESCUE

Things looked rather black there for a while behind the scenes at the Carmel Playhouse last Friday evening. Arthur McMurry was giving a viola recital; but the singer who was to provide balance to the program, had not arrived. Mr. Terwilliger, pastor of the Community Church, and master of ceremonies, found even his ordinary composure somewhat in danger.

But after the first group of viola compositions, Mr. McMurry's own, three people came behind the scenes. One of them was Dione Neutra, herself a 'cellist as well as a singer.

"How do you do your triple stopping?" she asked in astonishment.

'How is it possible to do what you do?"

'But our singer has not turned up," came the inconsequential answer of a man distraught. "We don't know what to do about our program." (For the viola has not the expressional versatility of the violin, and has distinct limitations as an instrument to carry the burden of an evening's pleasure).

Someone whispered a suggestion; the request was relayed to Mrs. Neutra. She shook her head. No, sorry, but she could not oblige. She had just within the hour returned from the day's drive back from the snows of the Yosemite Valley. She was still in out-of-door costume, knickers and all.

"But this is Carmel!" protested another. "Go on the stage just as you are!"

In the end, someone dashed back for a 'cello, returning with it just as Arthur McMurry, in formal evening attire, grandly left the stage,—and in a moment a charming figure in homespun knickers appeared smiling before the astonished audience, lightly sang folksongs from the mountains of Switzerland, and so saved the day.

A MINOR ACCIDENT PROVES FATAL TO MR. J. C. ROCKWELL

On Sunday morning of this week Mr. F. C. Rockwell, for five years a resident of Carmel, died in St. Vincent's hospital in Los Angeles, following an accident in which he was knocked down by a bicycle. He leaves behind him three daughters, Mrs. Emmett Donahue of Petaluma, Mrs. Ned Carpenter of Pasadena, and Mrs. Jessamine Rockwell, member of the City Council of Carmel, and owner of the Jasmine Bush on Dolores Street. Mr. Rockwell originally lived in Hartford, but had spent the last seventeen years in California, twelve of them in Pasadena, where his passing will be equally regretted.

MISS BIRDSEY'S LIFE COMES TO A CLOSE

After an illness in the hospital for some months, death came last week to an old resident of Carmel, Miss Alice Birdseye of Carmelo Street. Miss Birdseye had for some years conducted a class for adult study of the Bible, and was much beloved. She was the daughter of Judge Birdseye of New York City. Services were conducted in Carmel on Sunday afternoon.

MANLY P. HALL WILL SPEAK IN CARMEL

On Sunday evening there will be a lecture at Unity Hall by a man of especial prominence in the field of occult study,—Mr. Manly P. Hall, noted and successful speaker, and author of books on the study of mysticism. The meeting will be open to all.

TWO NEW CARMEL BOOKS

Two distinguished little volumes of verse have recently been published by the Seven Arts Press. These are "Toward Man" by D. Rudhyar, and "Lobos" by Jeanne D'Orge. "Toward Man" is a collection of chants concerned with the expression of an intense inner life. "Lobos" is a group of poems presenting in the texture of granite the force and grandeur of that place. Both will be reviewed in the next issue of the Carmelite.

ERRATUM

Hereafter the Carmelite will be ten cents a copy.

In error, the usual price of five cents was left on the title page, while the price of this issue, as advertised, is Twenty Cents.

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

December

15 **Lecture,**—Unity Hall at 8:00, by Manly P. Hall. Open to the public.

16 **Christmas carol rehearsal**—for all, in preparation for the Christmas eve community tree. Sunset School at 3:00. Everybody invited.

17 **Folk dancing, wood carving, clay modelling,**—Sunset School at 8:00. Open to the public.

Woman's Club Calendar.

12 **Current Events Section**—on Wednesday, 12, at Mrs. Van Nordan, Lincoln and Santa Lucia.

13 **Garden Section**—10:00 a.m. Residence of Mrs. Daniel Willard.

16 **Divine Services**—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a m.

19 **Book ..Section.**—10:30. Residence of Mrs. I. N. Ford.

OUR EFFICIENT CIVIC BODIES

Frank criticism was directed at the City Planning Commission of Carmel by Mr. Gustav Laumeister, a property owner of Carmel, at last Wednesday's meeting of the City Council. One grievance is that the Planning Commission does nothing. Another, that it does not even meet. It is nominally in existence, yet as far as use goes, dead as a doornail, or deader,—since this fictitious existence blocks the City Council from action. Mayor Bonham promised to speak to Mrs. H. S. Nye, chairman of the Commission, in order to persuade her to hold a meeting. Mr. Laumeister was of the conviction that if this could not be accomplished, steps should be taken!

The City Council has so far twice failed to ratify the Mayor's reappointment of Mr. W. P. Silva to succeed himself on the Planning Commission, although his term is up, and action of some sort by way of an appointment is technically required.

TWO CARMEL PIANISTS TO PLAY

Mary Ingles and Mary Walker, two young Carmel pianists, will play a two-piano group at the Golden Bough on the evenings of the nineteenth and twentieth. Both are gifted. Mary Ingels is composing, and one of her compositions, for two pianos, will be played. Mary Walker at the age of eleven, was the child prodigy who won a competition to play with the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, six years ago. The picture to be shown at the Golden Bough on these evenings is von Stroheim's "Wedding March."

AN EVENING OF DELIGHT

Dione Neutra was heard last Monday evening at the Dickinson residence on the Point, in a song recital which provided deed musical satisfactions.

The program was, in the first place, exquisitely chosen. There were folk-songs from the valleys of Switzerland, sung to her own 'cello accompaniment. There were arias and recitatives from the Saint Matthew Passion of Bach. There were old and very beautiful Italian arias of Vivaldi, Ccarlatti, and Caldano.

The folk-songs were sung with a freshness, a charm utterly simple and naive, Mrs. Neutra's singing of the arias from the Saint Matthew Passion proved once more that the music of Bach is never old. It is eternal and timeless. In the audience were musicians working solely in terms of contemporary expression,—but who were among the first to acknowledge again, as this gravely beautiful music was heard, the depth of the satisfaction it provides. How good, how good, to hear the music of the great Johann Sebastian so finely sung.

So also with the arias of the ancient Italians. Mrs. Neutra forgot her audience, entering deeply into the songs themselves. Her voice, by its very naturalness, ease, and unaffectedness, is charmingly adapted to bel canto singing. She sings artlessly, although herself completely an artist. The charm of her personality lies to a high degree in its simplicity,—beauty innocent of makeup.

Two groups of songs were sung to her own accompaniment upon the 'cello. To adapt oneself simultaneously to the conflicting demands of two such instruments is rather a feat,—but it was done with ease and graciousness. One could wish for the sophisticated and satiated audiences of eastern cities, the pleasure of hearing this singer. It would be something like finding a dew-pearled meadow spider-web hung in a subway train. —P. G. S.

RETURN OF ANNE MARTIN

Anne Martin has just returned to Carmel after several very busy weeks in the east. She was sent for by the Board of Directors of the Women's International League to confer with them in Washington, stopping off in Chicago to be there the guest at Hull-House, of Jane Addams, whom she accompanied east. Miss Martin is regional director of the Pacific coast for the W. I. L., and has further to go to these conferences than any other director.

At home in Carmel Anne Martin is first of all just a fine and vital human being, with a keen direct look, and an enormous response to any problem concerning human welfare, whether it be peace, or unemployment, or the rights of women. But elsewhere, abroad, or among liberals in the east, she is a personage, who sitteth on the right hand of the editor at Nation luncheons.

AWKWARD JOE

By James Hopper.

The Graduation was almost over in Odd Fellow's Hall;
The play was over, Miss Goodale had all the diplomas ready on a small table;
Doctor McClymonds, the Superintendent, was looking at his cuff for the speech he must make;
In front of the stage the smaller children were about to sing,
When I, Clumpetty Joe, too stupid and awkward to have any part in the Exercises,
(Miss Goodale had said, "And you Joe, you must just stay about and make yourself youseful")
Saw that a piece of the scenery was crooked
And set myself to putting it right.

But I could never do anything right.
What I tried always turned out wrong.
The big cardboard slipped out of my hand.
It struck the big kerosene lamp.
The lamp came crashing down.

Right away, everybody screamed.
The people started for the one wooden stairway at the rear.

Then I threw myself upon the burning lamp
And the snakes of fire crawling all around.
I tried to gather them in, and the lamp, under my body.
I thought perhaps I had done that all right,
When the fire entered my heart, and I died.

Now, I would like to know,
In my little case of the fourth dimension,
(Teacher, what is the fourth dimension?)
Oh, I would so like to know
If I did it all right.
If the fire sputtered out and everything went on,
And the children sang, and the superintendent made his speech,
And the diplomas were given out,
Or whether there was a fire in Odd Fellows' Hall,
A crush on the wooden back-stairs.

I would especially like to know about little Nora Gray.
She sat at the end of the bench with the children that sang.
She had on a rosy dress that made her look like an angel;
She had a rose ribbon in her hair.
Oh, I do hope that she escaped!
'Twas for her I threw my heart on the flames.

SUMMER EVENING

The last red glow of the sunset
Slowly fades and dies in the west.
In the east, in silver glory,
Climbs the moon o'er the mountain crest.

In a distant temple garden
Faintly chimes an evening bell;
Pearly dew-drops drip and patter
From the bamboos near the well.

By the pool the water-lily
Blends its perfume with the rose.
Summer zephyrs softly murmur;
All invites to calm repose.

Yet my heart is sore within me,
On the waves of mem'ry toss'd.
—The sweet symphony is ended,
And the magic spell is lost.

I yearn and sigh for my lov'd ones,
For the friends of bygone years.
My dreams are peopled with spectres.
I wake, shedding bitter tears.

—Meng Hao Jan. (T'ang Dynasty)
—Translated by Henry H. Hart.

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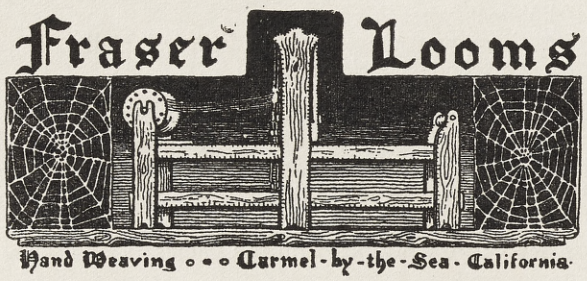

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ARCHITECTURE IN THE AGE OF MASS PRODUCTION

As a consequence of the lecture by Richard Neutra, modern architect, on December the third, there was an evening last Sunday at the studio of Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, of informal discussion on tendencies in comtemporary architecture, led by Mr. Neutra. This discussion eventually became one on the meaning of the tendencies of contemporary life, and lasted well past midnight.

It was based upon Mr. Neutra's analysis of the new architecture as the necessary reflection of the age of mass production. This means a high degree, in architecture as well as in human life, of standardization, of the reduction of forms to their minimum and simplest essentials. The law of the new architecture is that form follows function. Ornament is therefore irrelevant. "I don't see how ornament can live any more," said Mr. Neutra, when asked about the future of applied decoration. He pointed out that such a belief was not a personal prejudice, but a part of the simple acceptance of the tendencies of our age. "We must leave out the symbolism which pervaded the old structures," he added. "There is a lie in the column which pretends to support. Modern steel skyscraper construction no longer uses the column of masonry. There are not columns to be formed, but spaces to be enclosed. "We are dealing with space, and not the thing that encloses space." The structure which encloses is predetermined by the mathematics of the engineer. "Technique is the main constituent of style today."

Flexibility of use is another predominating feature. A modern building is a steel skeleton with moveable or fixed partitions. Mr. Neutra suggests that practically all but the steel skeleton be made movable.

It is obvious that an architect conceived in terms of function will have a character very other than that of forms and decorations. There was meaning in primitive ornament. But there is none when we apply ornament. An important part of Mr. Neutra's communication of the ideas underlying modern architecture, was his collection of photographs of modern buildings, in which the principles he stated were as though a part of their structure. It was evident to his listeners that, once understood in principle, modern architecture is felt to be inevitable. Buildings based upon imitations of styles out of our time become unthinkable,—from Colonial to Spanish. Mr. Neutra's convictions are the convictions of an architect who understands his times and is giftedly able to design buildings in their

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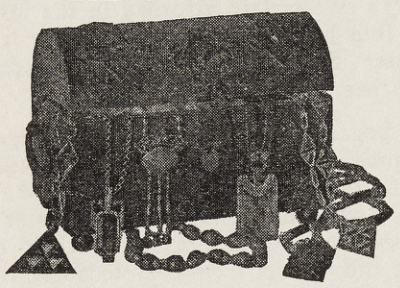

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terms. Yet to the ordinary hearer these convictions are revolutionary.

They would sound revolutionary even in the schools of architecture in American universities, where students are still busily copying Roman columns and Greek temples, and learning to design houses so adaptable to historic traditions that a "Tudor" house can be changed into a "Spanish" one by the mere introduction of a little tile roofing.

Mr. Neutra acknowledges the very important influence upon modern architecture of the work of Frank Lloyd Wright, who has led architecture both in Europe and in America from traditionalism and formalism toward design in terms of function. (And to this use of a principle he has added the power of a superb creative gift.)

If modern architecture could in some way, in spite of the fewness in the world of great examples, be experienced everywhere as freely as music can, it could advance more rapidly and with less commercial resistance. It is therefore important that such discussions as these led by Mr. Neutra, take place widely.

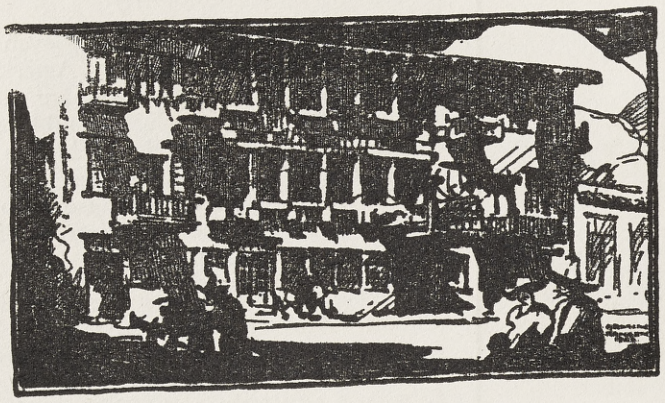
THE BLACKMAN PRINTS

Not very conspicuously displayed in the shop of Tilly Polak in Carmel, there are just now, for sale as well as on general view, pen drawings and water colors of Mrs. Carrie Horton Blackman. Their subjects,—Lobos, the Big Sur coast, the sea and the sands about Carmel,—are familiar ones; their treatment, fresh, vivid, and new. In the water colors there is both humor and a lyric quality,—often even a reflection of original interpretations of life. The hroizon line of Mrs. Blackman is sometimes, for example, drawn to show sharply the curve of the earth. She has foreshortened her universe, altered the scale, with charming laughter in the act.

The pen drawings are vigorous in line, almost masculine. Those of the coast toward the Big Sur especially. In these there is the dignity of granite. They are not merely representations. They are drawn with feeling, and they communicate feeling.

The stylization is never too strong to dominate the essential mood,—and in this respect the artist, for one so clever, exercises a fine restraint. Her work utters joy and a sense of the glory of the living universe, as well as the child-wonder of the mystic.

Bernard Shaw says he thinks there is a future for Bolshevism in Russia, "Because the Bolshevists teach common honesty to the children of Russia, whilst all the capitalist states are teaching them that their highest destiny is to become rich idlers. If Russia sticks to that she will lick creation!"



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EXTENDING OUR ACCEPTANCES

"There's practically nothing in the world that can't be accepted in one way." And when you have become aware of and accepted your nature, or things in your nature that formerly caused conflict, you will have wholeness. Thus Dr. Baynes explained the fundamental principle of Jung's system last Saturday in the last of the four lectures he has been giving at the Sunset School to a keenly interested audience.

He began by summarising the foregoing lectures, then plunged into an analysis of fear. "It is a state of being divided," he said, "when unconscious tendencies or impulses appear and operate at their own time and distinct from consciousness, there is division or civil war in the nature, for conflict is always present." "How can the autonomy of the unconscious complex be broken down and turn fearful denial into conscious acceptance?" asked Dr. Baynes and then followed a suggestive talk about acceptance which came up largely again in the discussion at the end.

The principle of individuality is conceived by Jung as the whole subject. The entirely happy and harmonious person is he who is doing what he can, and exercising all his functions to their full extent. "The man who conceives himself on too low a level is more wracked than the one who conceives himself on too high a level—though he gets sick too," added the doctor. Both are shirking the unconscious.

The individual should accept the will of the whole rather than the will of the small conscious self. "If the neurotic can learn to love he can be cured."

Dr. Baynes then discussed, with examples, sacrifices to the god of respectability, showing the neuroses they caused. "The Ten Commandements were an attempt to gain solidarity," he said.

The lecture ended with a discussion of the disruption of the Western World since the War, which led to hypotheses and questions when the lecturer had finished.

Mr. Ernest Calley held out the hope that we might hear Dr. Baynes again on some subject allied to the child and education.

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ORNAMENT OR NOT

It is interesting to compare the view of Richard Neutra, who believes that ornament has no place in modern life, with those of Boynton, painter, who was discussing the meaning of decorative design the other afternoon at a tea given in honor of the visiting architect. Ornament will continue to have a function in life, believes Mr. Boynton, for it is simply an enrichment of life, a product of the energies of leisure, the flowering of man. No matter how utilitarian our buildings become, we shall still need to release these energies and to enrich beyond the bare skeletal structure of our life.

Another interesting point made by Mr. Boynton concerned the matter of proportion in design. Mr. Boynton observes that individuals of different types use certain typical proportions in their work. It is possible to penetrate the temperment of a student simply by an observation of the proportions characteristic of his design. His work will develop as the student becomes the master; but the mathematical equation of his characteristic proportions tends to remain as fixed as character itself.

Bernard Shaw was asked what reception he expected for his new book in Germany. "I have no time for expectations," he replied. "Expectations and disappointments are the luxuries of idlers. When I finish one work I begin another. My publisher looks after the expectations."

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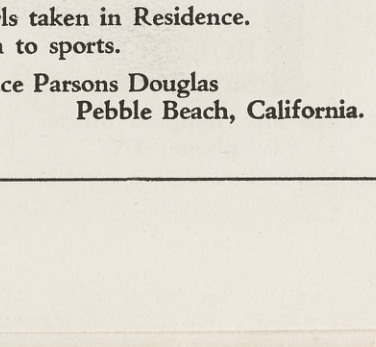

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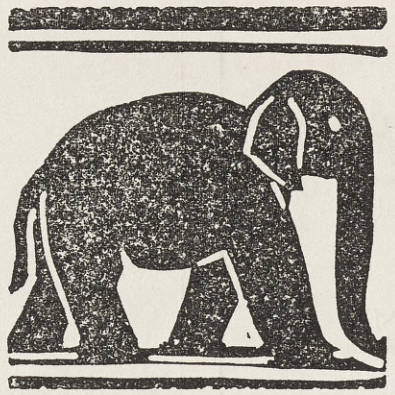

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Peter's Paragraphs

The case of the Italian sculptor whose copies of early Renaissance sculpture have been sold as dug-up originals, recalls the story of Michael Angelo's frauds. Hard-up for money, Michael Angelo made and buried some imitations of Greek sculpture, had them unearthed and then sold them in Rome. A Cardinal bought some. He saw that they were good things and, it developed afterwards, knew at the same time they were not Greek, but he took and paid for them. Twitted on his gullibility, he answered that he was buying Michael Angelos and was sure they would turn out to be vaulable. As they did. The difference is that Alceo Dossena declares that he made his copies as copies and sold them to the business men who ordered them and passed them off at high prices as old. The sculptor is becoming popular and famous and an artist who could make such copies had something that Michael Angelo had.

* * * *

Speaking of mass-production and art: A merchant we know went to a maker of women's dresses in mass and suggested that he get the best, the most artistic designer of gowns in Paris and let him make the drawings for cheap dresses. "You can buy away from the swell houses any designer you choose," the merchant said. "and the high cost, spread over the mass of your gowns, will disappear like your overhead. It won't add more than a few cents to the cost of each garment." The manufacturer tried it, and he produced some very fine-lined dresses for wear about the house. But he learned something which mass producers are gradually learning. And as for the merchant, he sees a place now for art in industry.

* * * *

A foreign artist in a modern American hotel for the first time thought the plumbing the most beautiful thing he had seen here; excepting the high buildings.

* * * *

Driving through the hill country of New England we lost our way, got off into an untravelled region where we came upon a little, old village just about the time school let out. There were scores of happy children all around us. The driver a Massachusetts manufacturer, stopped the car to enjoy the scene. He looked long and narrowly all about him, then said: "What a place for a factory." "Why?" And he answered: "All those idle children. You could man a shop with them."

* * * *

One of the blessings of Carmel is that there are no morally righteous people here; few of that pestiferous sort that know and do what is right and insist that others shall be good. There is little evil here likewise, perhaps for that reason. The understanding or tolerance of vice

and folly makes for that result. The understanding or tolerance of vice and folly makes a moral atmosphere. Gossip is generous usually; even our few clergymen are Christian. Our troubles come from another kind of righteous people: those that are sure that they know what is right and wrong in art. They are hypocrites aesthetically. They don't practice what they preach; the arty righteous don't do any art at all. They only judge others. But they cause splits in the theatres, madden artists and divide the town. Some writer should make a study of the righteous in art so that men may learn to identify them as we do "good people" and enjoy them, and be undisturbed by them. The aesthetically righteous are as Satanic as are the morally righteous who, according to their Christ, cannot be saved. We think they can; we think that there is good in good people —of all sorts, moral and aesthetic. We never saw any good in them, but there is so much good in bad people that there must be some in good people.

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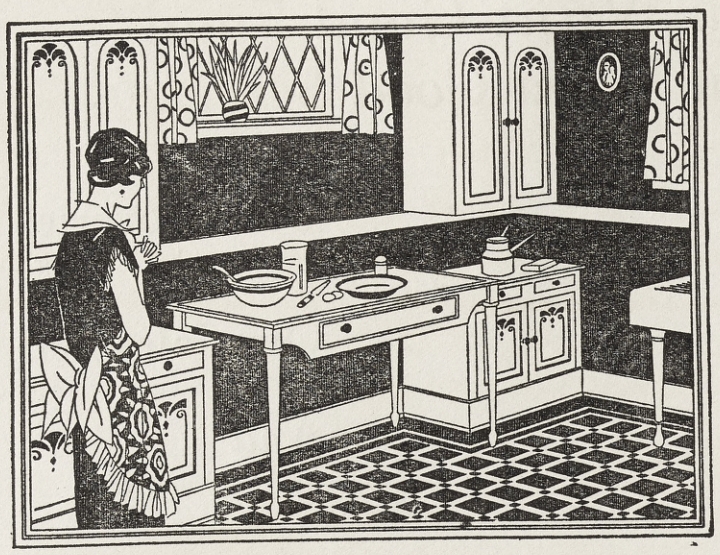

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AMBASSADORS OF GOODWILL

By Ella Winter.

The nation does it by a visit of President-Elect Hoover to South America, diplomacy does it by sending Lindbergh forth in his airplane, our own Peninsula spreads goodwill by sending California wild flower seeds to all the corners of the earth.

Mrs. Lester Rowntree, believing in internationalism, thought she would do her small bit toward achieving it by having an international garden—growing things from all countries and sending other countries native American plants. She ran her garden for a year in the East, but the difficulties defeated this plan. It was impossible to make visitors from some other lands grow in the inclement climate of Eastern America.

But the idea did not die and when Mrs. Rowntree gave up this garden to go West, she had connections with Botanic Gardens in Australia and Africa and Spain, with agricultural colleges in India and England and all parts of America, and with private individuals from Java and Tasmania to Denmark and Norway.

Settling on this Peninsula, at Carmel Highlands, Mrs. Rowntree planted a rock garden "because that isn't really a garden," she pleaded "and I'm not supposed to work too hard you know;" and started the job she has been working on ever since: travelling around the country side and collecting wild flower seeds which go all over the world. With Miss Clevenger and a couple of sleeping bags this intrepid woman, small and delicate, starts off in her car, drives for hundreds of miles, through desert and High Sierra, up canyons and down valleys, along precipitous sea-coast, sand-dune and cliff or through the hot desert and the wide flat plains, and wherever they espy a good stand of some flower whose seed they have not yet collected, there they get out and pick. Or if the seed is not just then ripe, they mark the spot and come back later.

And often the seed is not ripe, or it is over-ripe. Humorously Mrs. Rowntree told of the tribulations which confront a wild-flower seed collecter. "Bugs and cattle might get at the stand and trample and ruin it; or a development company chooses that particular site and when we return, our specimens are buried under stakes, or redwood and stucco. Or the seasons go all floohy, as they have a habit of doing in California. One year the rains come in October and November, the next year there is no rain till January. Of course the flowers cannot keep to their schedules then. But even if none of these calamities have overtaken our stand, it still happens that we return to it just before the flowers have seeded or perhaps a week later when they have all been borne off by the wind. The snakes are pretty bad in the mountains sometimes, too, and then Cedric had mumps and that

put me out six weeks; its hard to be a wife and mother and have seeds waiting to be collected too."

What are the plants these explorers collect? There is no wild plant they do not gather. In the catalogue some two hundred varieties are listed, from lupins and California poppy to dodecathedon clevelandii and chlorogalum pomeridianum. (Maybe these are common plants but they don't sound like it.)

And California nutmeg and whispering bells, big white poppy and canterbury bell, snow-on-the-mountain, brass buttons and sage, tarweed and tidy-tip, all shed their seeds into the little white bags and start their ride in a harmless auto over the California hills—the journey that may land them in Madrid or Manchester, Riga or Rangoon.

Some of the seeds gathered are endemics, and a supplementary list is published to Mrs. Rowntree's catalogue, giving names —Gowan Cypress and redwood sorrell, dwarf manzanita and Monterey pine, and little flowers such as the trilium ovatum.

Where are the seeds dried and the packets made up and the shipping and book-work done? Last year Mrs. Rowntree built a shed in her garden, a plain wooden shed, and there the white bags hang from the ceiling as the carrots and onions hung in Mother Rabbit's burrow, and a dry warm scent greets the investigating visitor. All around on the tables and shelves are little saucers and plates wth seeds of whch thre are not yet enough to have a bag-full.

The work's fascinatingly experimental. It is not known how long certain seeds can be kept, it is not known where each variety can be acclimatised best or exactly what treatment they need in the different environments. It is a new field in which nothing is standardised and for much of which there is no precedent. "And there are only two authorities on the flora of this region," smiled our botanist, "and they are at loggerheads most of the time."

Once Correvon of Geneva "the god of all rock gardeners," who owns the little garden on the slopes above Nyon on Lake Geneva (which you wander in while waiting for the cream and straw berries picked in the patch adjoining) came to Carmel and he took some of Mrs. Rowntree's seeds—redwood violets and fairy lanterns and others, all the way back to that mountain side, where they would live forever opposite the majesty of Mont Blanc, a little sad sometimes perhaps, a little wistful, a little homesick for their burning California hillsides or the cool depths of the canyons where "the redwoods shake their columns of shadow." But they are telling the ancient Mountain that has never seen and never will see it about their protector, the Tree of the Ages.

Who can say whether Lindbergh or Mrs. Rowntree is doing more to make the countries know each other?

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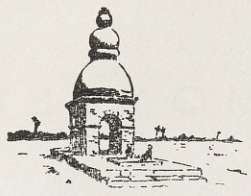

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BANKS MADE HIM LAUGH

By Fremont Older.

Graft in San Francisco did not end with the removal of Engene Schmitz as mayor and Abe Ruef as boss. Taylor was appointed in Schmitz' place and gave an honest administration. But when P. H. McCarthy, the labor mayor, was elected to succeed Taylor, graft ran as wild as it did in the worst days of Schmitz and Ruef.

Not long after his election, McCarthy placed Flannery, well known Market street saloonman, at the head of the Police Commission. Shortly after his appointment a story broke in the newspapers about the arrest in Sausalito of Joe Abbott, a well known bunco and fake poolroom operator. Vague rumors reached me in the Bulletin office that Flannery was back of Joe Abbott and his gang in this bunco game across the bay. I did not believe the story but in those days, being very keen after stories of that character, I sent a reporter over to investigate it. Abbot and his crowd, of course, all denied any knowledge of Flannery's interest in the poolroom. But the rumor persisted and new evidence half convinced me that the story was true.

I had the sheriff of Marin County bring Joe Abbott over from the county jail in San Rafael to my room in the Bulletin office and I told him what I had heard. He of course denied it, but the way he denied it convinced me that he was not telling the truth. By promising Abbott's wife that if Joe would come through clean on the story I would secure his dismissal on the charge of grand larceny in Marin County, I persuaded Mrs. Abbott to induce Joe to make a clean breast of everything to the district attorney in San Rafael. Abbott made his statement, which was to the effect that Flannery had promised him, if McCarthy were elected mayor, that he would give Joe the bunco privilege of San Francisco with the understanding that he was to cut fifty-fifty with him. I asked if there was any corroboration. Mrs. Abbott answered this question by producing from her bag a telegram that Joe had received in a town in Oregon the day after the election of McCarthy. I cannot recall the exact words, but the essence of it was this: "McCarthy is elected. Everything is all right. Come down immediately. Town is yours. (Signed) Harry Flannery."

I got this confession on Sunday and I carried a full page story in the Bulletin the next day with the telegram reproduced in the center of the page. No expose that I had hitherto made during the graft investigations caused half the sensation that this story did. The town went wild over it.

Of course part of my promise was that I would immediately furnish bail for Abbott, which I did. I had already got the district attorney to promise him immunity if he confessed. But there was a swarm of Flannery's men hanging

around the jail when Joe came out, and I feared they might get him away from me or do him some bodily injury. So I took Joe, his wife, his wife's sister, and her husband away in an automobile. We motored by a circuitous route up to Mark West Springs in Sonoma county, which had not yet been opened for the season. There we lived until the trial of Flannery, which occurred about a month later. All this time I remained with the party.

During our stay there, I learned from Joe's wife a great deal about his career. He had made large sums of money with his fake poolrooms in all parts of America and in Europe. But of course, like all men of his type, he had spent the money as fast as he got it, and was at this time nearly broke. We had many confidential talks, and on one occasion Mrs. Abbott told me that I would be surprised if I knew the kind of people Joe had "fixed" in the various cities of America. I did not press her for any details, knowing that she probably would not care to tell me; but I took the party on a motor trip one day and while we were waiting in Healdsburg for our automobile to be repaired, Joe and I strolled over into the park in the center of that town, and while we were sitting on a bench under a tree, smoking and talking, Joe began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at, Joe?"

"Oh, I happened to see that sign over there, 'Bank of Healdsburg.' Whenever I see a bank I have to laugh."

"Why," I asked.

"Because I have "fixed" so many of them."

"How do you mean, fixed them?" I asked.

"Well, I would go into a strange city and find a sucker and line him up for, we'll say, $10,000. Of course he would have to go to the bank to draw the money. If it were a small city, the cashier would leave the window, go in to the president, and tell him that John Smith was going to draw $10,000, which of course would bring the president out immediately.

"What's this, John? Why are you drawing $10,000? That is a large sum of money. What are you going to do with it?"

"Of course my man would never tell what he was going to do with it, but in nine cases out of ten the president would talk him out of it. So I found it paid to take the bank officials in on my deals and give them a 25per cent cut."

The trial of Flannery was, of course, a farce. The crooked politicians took charge of it in Marin county, and Flannery was acquitted. He did not resign as police commissioner, nor was any effort made to compel him to do so. The excitement soon died out and the good old crooked town went joyfully on its way.

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This issue under the Editorship of Ella Winter

Editorials . . .

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

There is something new under the sun, new and momentous; revolutionary. It is businessmen saying that wages must be kept up, that mass production means we must have mass prosperity. There is nothing new in the perception that labor is also the consumer. Radicals have been seeing and saying that for years, and the police have made arrests for announcing it too openly on the street corners. It is pretty plain that labor is the market, so plain that some political economists have written it unclearly into their labored books. But now we have businessmen, even employers, shouting in the Chambers of Commerce and writing into the books they hire writers to write for them, that the wage-workers are the consumers in mass of the commodities of mass production and unless the workers have enough money to buy and leisure enough to use what capital and labor turn out in ever increasing quantities there will be no expanding market to absorb the stuff. Mass-production requires mass prosperity. "Companionate prosperity" is the phrase Edward A. Filene, the Boston merchant, uses to express the discovery.

The significance of this can be summed up swiftly. In the first place it is worth while noticing that, in this country, there is no use in a truth until the men who govern us see and adopt it; it must get into business. In the second place, let us observe that we make progress, not by reason, but by experience, which is the popular form of experimentation. The discovery of the relation of wages to profits came about by the incidental raising of wages during the war and the unexpected, unintended, but natural consequence, an era of unprecedented prosperity for both the employers and the employed. As we have often said, you cannot set up an experiment in social and political problems, but you can find such experiments in the making and scientifically watch for the results. This experiment in high wages resulted in a general good so obvious that businessmen were forced to think, to analyze it and to draw radical conclusions from it that no appeals to reason, to sentiment for the welfare of the people could have forseen.

The test will come when we go over the top of our prosperity and begin to fall into "bad times" again. This is inevitable because the generals of finance and the captains of industry are raking in in Wall Street their capital profits and leading the public into speculation. It is said there that the Republicans got both the Labor and the Farmer vote because so many of these classes were in stocks and preferred to make money as gamblers rather than as workers. Anyhow the overhead charges put upon industry by bond issues and stock-watering will drag down prosperity, and then the masters of business will have to decide whether to cut dividends or wages. They say — several that the writer talked with were sure that it will be the stock-holders that will suffer. "Stock-holders are no use anyhow," said one; which also is a true discovery. "But labor is the mass, the market, the most useful element in production. We can't cut wages without cutting the ground from under the market." Ford has announced that he will put out two million cars next year and General Motors plans to offer as many Chevrolets. They and the other mass producers are banking on the maintenance of high wages for the mass of men. They are counting upon all employers to do what they intend to do; to keep up wages even if dividends have to slip. We predict that they are wrong here. The small, independent, competeting manufacturers of luxuries or, at any rate, of goods produced not in mass, are already and they will soon be further reducing wages. They have not learned the lesson of the times and will behave according to their habit.

But never mind, this will put us into another experiment in low wages and, after a period of good times for labor, with cars and radios not fully paid for, the attempt to carry on with low wages will be interesting. We have seen in the war and after war period that the old saying that things must get worse before they will get better; that Labor must be driven deeper in the hole before it will act, was bunk. Labor got so low in Germany, Austria and other European countries that it lost all self-respect and just lay down. But we still don't know what will happen when Labor has been having luxuries and suddenly, while it is full of health, strength and hope, is prostrated in a depression. Yes, lowering wages is an experiment that we need to have made. Our theory is that idle plants of the magnitude of some of ours, and idle workers who have tasted what American Labor has tasted will arouse thought again in our businessmen; and perhaps reinforce and spread conviction about high wages.

Looking ahead of all this, however, one can see a possibility that employers universally will learn that mass production means mass prosperity. What does that mean to Man? It would mean that the social problem, as radicals have stated it, is solved; that all men would have food, shelter and clothing; and that this assurance has been achieved, not by revolution, but by the Capitalist System! No? We can hear the Reds cry out in pain. But we suggest Yes. For mark this well; Mass-production, only at its beginning now, is extending. Mass-distribution is coming along next. The chain store is here; on this Peninsula; in Carmel. All necessities and many luxuries will soon be made and sold in mass to the masses. The active managers are up against their founders and owners and, most important of all, their stock-holders. The middle class, wiped out in Europe by war, will be squeezed here; they are seen now to be negligible and an encumbrance. It looks as if we might have workers, hand and brain, all together against mere owners AND ownership.

We have no wish to push our prophesy too far; not in a community that is living upon its dividends and rents; a community that is pretty solidly bourgeois and must feel that the middle class is the backbone of the nation. Our purpose is scientific: it is to indicate that the election of Herbert Hoover, an engineer and a promoter of mass production and distribution methods in business and politics may have some mystical meaning, such for example as the instinctive furtherance in these United States of Bolshevism. For after all, while the Russians are going eastward around the world and we Americans westward, we are both travelling and are bound to meet. We are both headed for food, shelter and clothing for the people; industrial instead of political democracy, and a world of workers without owners, mere owners. Which may all seem funny, but is really worth an experiment; or two.

As to the effect upon art, a lecturer the other night, a foreigner with an international experience, said that in his art, architecture, mass production was telling and that the designs that counted were those drawn for the consumers, the workers, the mass. In a word the houses and shops of labor were the thing, and, he thought, a good thing. Maybe we Carmelites are not only preventing the improvement of Carmel, but holding back art, business and civilization. Maybe.

SPOON RIVER REVISITED

By Edgar Lee Masters.

I've been down to Spoon River;
I've seen the town,
I've seen the people,
And I know the town and the people,
And I am scared.
For they say down there,
"A little leaven leavens the whole lump,
"Wait and see,
"Spoon River will be Americee."

They took me all around in a Ford;
They showed me the town and the country.
And I saw all the churches and newspaper offices,
And the banks and the court house,
And the jail,
And the stores and the canning factory,
And wagon works.
And I talked with the judge and the ministers,
The lawyers, teachers and politicians.
And everyone said:
"A little leaven leavens the whole lump,
"Wait and see,
"Spoon River will be Americee."

And they drove me all around in a Ford.
'Twas Editor Whedon's son who drove me.
And there at the edge of town we passed
A field all grown with weeds.
And the son of Editor Whedon said:
"That's the racing track we closed;
"There was gambling there, and a clerk in Rhodes' store
"Embezzled some money to play the races;
"And that gave us the lift we looked for,
"And so we closed it."

And as we drove around the square
This son of Editor Whedon said:
"That feed store there where you see those boxes
"Of hog remedy in the window
"Is where old Burchard had his saloon.
"WE closed the saloons here.
"There'll never be saloons here anymore
"And over that store across the street
"Is where Johnny Taylor had his room
"Where the boys played poker years ago.
"We don't allow that anymore.
"There'll be no poker rooms anymore."

And then he took me to the circulating library,
And introduced me to the librarian,
A woman with creaking joints and nose glasses.
And she told me they didn't allow no books there
Written by bad men.
For only a good tree produces good fruit.
And she thought Byron and the French fellows
Were bad.
And that anarchists and disturbers,
And the people dissatisfied with the world as God made it,
Should be suppressed, as they were suppressed
In the library of Spoon River.
And she twisted her face and grinned until her glasses
Got askew on her nose,
And her false teeth half fell out.
And she said with a laugh: "A little leaven
"Leavens the whole lump, we say here;
"Wait and see,
"Spoon River will be Americee."

And then this son of Editor Whedon
Showed me a gymnasium they had closed,
Because they had some boxing there.
And he said: "Brutality and violence,
And things that make for disorder
"Are not allowed in this town."
And this was next to the canning works.
And he said: "They had a strike there once,
"But the circuit judge, one of our best Methodists,
"Enjoined the strikers and broke the strike.
"And now there's no discrimination
"Between union and non-union workers—
"Both are equal before the law here
"Which didn't suit the union workers,
"So they left;
"And now it's a non-union place,
"And an open shop.
"For we don't allow no agitation here,
"And no harangues on the street,
"And no meetings in halls
"Where the purpose is to disturb the world
"As God made it for us here.
"WE have our churches,
"And our lectures,
"And a good movie theatre
"Where pure things are allowed
"That any girl of sixteen can see.
"And since you ask what the people do
"To fill in the time, I'll tell you
"The men work, they are thrifty, sober, God fearing;
"They save their money;
"They stay at home with their families.
"Since we got rid of the saloons
"The bank here is just full of money;
"Yes sir, the bank is sending money to Chicago
"To lend out. And yet interest has not gone down.
"More money and more interest, and the saloons gone,
"And God giving us the best of it at every turn of the game.
"The employers get a full day out of the men on Monday.
"And the women keep house and read out of the public library;
"And the young people are taught right and wrong,
"And they get married when they are of age—
"That's how we spend the time here."

So I said to this son of Editor Whedon
"Who's responsible for this ideal community?"
(At the same time kicking by own back with my own foot.)
"My father is," he said with a smile.
"And I'm driving out to the cemetery
"To show you his grave,
"Would you like to see it?"
Says I, "I'd rather see that grave
"Then the pyramids of Cheops."

So we went to the grave of Editor Whedon.
There it was;
There was the stone capped by a kind of cupalo
With window glass enclosing it,
Making kind of a cabinet.
And in this cabinet
Was a tin type of Editor Whedon
Taken by Penniwit the artist.
And so I stood there
While the son of Editor Whedon went tsch, tsch
With his tongue against his teeth,
And saying, "That's my father, that's the way he looked;
"He made this town what it is;
"And that's not all:
"Wait and see,
"Spoon River will be Americee."

OUR SPECIAL NUMBER

It may seem romantic to make the Christmas Number of this little village newspaper in the name, not of Santa Claus, but of Robinson Jeffers. We wouldn't mind if it were. But think a moment. They both bring gifts, these two silent, seldom-seen bearers of good and beautiful things, but one of them is a foreigner; Santa Claus comes from afar off somewhere. The poet starts here in Carmel and, though he travels as far, and farther, he is our neighbor. And while they both travel as myths, each in his own poetic way, the poet is also a maker of myths. Some of the creatures he has peopled our hills and shores with, are as real to the imagination of men as Santa Claus is to the creative minds of the children that made and forever make him. Our faith is that Santa Claus because he loves children so, must love all creators and be glad to make way for the poet.

Dear Editor,

Just a word about your article on suicide. In considering life as we know it on this earth, there are two distinct points of view. In the first place we may consider it as something into which we have been precipitated without our consent and out of which we go without our consent.

Secondly, we may consider it as a chosen and directed portion of a long journey not begun at birth and not ending by death.

The first point of view, would justify your argument. The second point of view which is not only more scientific but more fundamental, makes your argument absurd.
Sincerely, Dora Hagemeyer.

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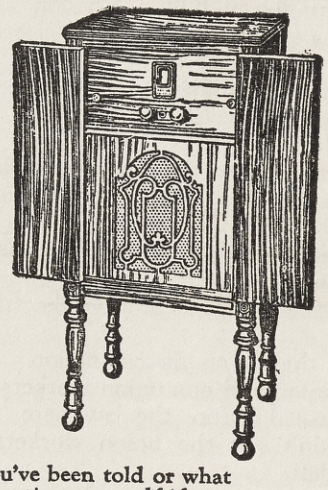

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Books . . .

A BANNED BOOK

The Well of Loneliness. By Radclyffe Hall. (Jonathan Cape, London.) Fifteen shillings.

This novel appeared some months ago in England under the imprint of one of England's best publishers. Respectable journals like the London Times and the Manchester Guardian reviewed it with dignity and respect and accorded it praise as a notable piece of work. Then a less dignified sheet, The Daily Express, discovered it, and made a great outcry; the homes of England were being defiled, the purity of her youth traduced, all that was good and sweet trampled in the mire. Jonathan Cape, on the advice of the Home Secretary it is said, withdrew the book from publication.

So far no publisher has volunteered to run the gauntlet in this country. And thus we have the familiar picture of a respected modern English writer (Miss Hall has published two other novels, one of which, Adam's Breed, won the Femina-Vie Heureuse prize and the James Tait Black Memorial prize in 1926) unable to be sold in either of the "great English speaking nations."

And what is it all about? What are we better off without knowledge of?

The book is a frank and unaffected study of Lesbianism. It takes the story of a young girl from her early childhood up to her thirties, a girl born an invert, and, as the writer is at pains to show, no more to blame for that freak of birth than is the club-foot, the harelip or the brown eye. Yet society hounds her, her social set (including her mother when she has found out the truth) shun her as if she had some loathsome disease, she suffers unceasingly and intensely, and finally has to live in Paris to make life tolerable at all.

Her relationships with her two lovers are finely drawn. First the worthless selfish little Angela who uses Stephen (she was christened with a boy's name because both parents had intensely wanted a boy) for the curious amusement she can get out of her, then to blind her husband to the fact of the lover she has taken (a handsome young blood of the region). Then, the second one, young, innocent, gentle Mary Llewelyn, who falls in love with Stephen when they are both working in an ambulance unit at the Front, but who is not herself an invert by nature and whom therefore Stephen gives up to a man; not because Mary has fallen in love with the man, but because Stephen feels that that is what her nature and the world would demand. And so at the end of the book the woman is once more left lonely, with nothing but her writing, as she was lonely all through her girlhood. The book

ends with an impassioned plea for the world to treat such "unfortunates" with more tolerance, that they may live openly and unashamed as their more fortunate "normal" sisters and brothers.

It is a carefully written book with many passages of singing beauty; the English hills and fields and dewy mornings with a blackbird chirping in the berry bush, the stinging winter air, the ponds and trees, live vividly; the exhilaration of a fox-hunt, the affection of the Englishman for his horses, is portrayed as perhaps in few other writings. One is drawn into the net of the emotions of the characters: we suffer with the father in his doubts and dawning certainty of the nature of his beloved daughter; in his shirking of the job of telling his wife; we suffer with the mother in her un-understood repulsion for her daughter and her shame and self-accusation at that repulsion.

But there is perhaps too much of one colour throughout, nowhere is the morbid misery lightened by humour or a sense of humor (as in most ordinary lives, even of the invert, it surely would be.) And too often does the author fall into the trap set for the writer of a problem novel—that of preaching and propaganda. The intention should not be as evident as it is in many passages. The novelist should trust her story—as this author could have trusted this story. After all art is greater propaganda than propaganda.

But that does not detract from the chief value of the novel; its value as a psychological document. And that is where the censorship is not only stupid, foolish, and childish, but definitely detrimental to the best interests of every person, young or old. These types exist, and our closing our eyes to their existence does not make them cease. We should know more—much more—about them, for tolerance and understanding can be based only on knowledge. And censorship will discourage other books of this type—other books which should be written. Here is one tpye of Lesbian. There are many others; there must be as many shades of difference in Lesbian and homosexual loves and relationships as there are in heterosexual ones. What this book needs is another book written perhaps by a happy Parisian Lesbian, who is at home in her environment, who understands herself and is understood by her companions and who lives as perfectly adjusted and harmonious a life as the happiest married woman. For such also exist. The criticism most often heard of "La Prisonniere" (The Captive) when it was first played in Paris was: "Why, the Lesbians I know don't hang their heads in shame; they hold them high and are not afraid to meet any one." A deeply-understood study of such an one were as important a corollary to "The Well of Loneliness" as shall we say, The Comedy of Errors is to Hamlet. Art can never be free, life can never be free, nor can we ever have truth, while we protect ourselves from knowledge. —Ella Winter.

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ORLANDO DISPELS TIME AND SEX

"Orlando" by Virginia Woolf. (Harcourt Brace and Co.) $3.00.

If a young woman of today should make to you the unblushing statement that she was born in the Elizabethean era as a nobleman, changed her sex about the middle of the eighteenth century, and is now thirty-six years of age and completely undisturbed by the adventure, you might be annoyed or insulted or fascinated according to your temperament. If you were a philosopher you might adjust your eyeglasses and take a look at Time from a new angle.

If this statement should be made in a book, as it is in Orlando, corroborated by photographs, you might stop a moment and consider its amazing daring and artistry as a mask covering a great deal of perception, before condemning it as absurd.

Virginia Woolf, the author of Orlando, is the rare possessor of a mind which runs abreast of her intuitions. That which she perceives she can immediately say. The facility with which she handles this great stretch of time—full of the most intricate patterns—full of vivid historical and literary events, manipulating it with the skill of a master—is one of the feats of present-day writing. The incredible thing, however, is that she is not only master of the drama itself, but of its over-

tones, its fragrance. It is precisely these with which she works.

The impression after having read Orlando is that of having been given the privilege of looking at a life vertically at it were, instead of horizontally. Days and years pile up on top of one another and you stand at the apex in the twentieth century and look down through the crystal to Elizabethan times, much as Orlando stood on London Bridge during the Great Frost and looked down through the ice into a sunken wherry where an old apple-woman still sat with her lap full of apples.

If Time has been stripped of his august trapping, this is nothing to what Virginia Woolf has done with Sex. She presents the urge as merely a Point of View. Orlando has various love affairs during his youth. Later, when he meets these old lovers he is amazed at the changed relationships. Being now a woman, she finds that with a swift rearrangement of emotional stage settings, a glance here, a gesture there, the old lover becomes a man.

Orlando meets Shelmerdine for the first time and falls immediately in love with him. An awful suspician rushes into both their minds simultaneously.

"You're a woman, Shel!" she cries.

"You're a man, Orlando!"

There is a good deal more in this than appears on the surface. Sex becomes something else than merely a matter of whether one is a man or a woman. Orlando, with all her beauty and fascination, was a man in essence, calling to the woman behind the eyes of her lovers. Echo within echo reverberates interiorly until Sex like Time loses its rigidity and becomes fluid, having stability only as a matter of relationship.

But above all, one marvels at the ability of Virginia Woolf to create convincing forms out of the most gossamer materials —a bowl of rose-water, a wet feather, a root, a flowered dress, a sugar-lump. These are the things with which she seems to fill her hands; and when she puts her work before you, what is it? A thing of profound beauty, made of the substance of Life, Love and Truth.

—Dora Hagemeyer.

NEW BOOKS AT THE WOODSIDE LIBRARY

Orlando	Virginia Wolf
Point Counterpoint	Aldous Huxley
Philosophy	Bertrand Russell

Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing

Cawdor	Robinson Jeffers

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

Once in a while, about this time of the year, when little boys and girls begin to think of Christmas and Santa Claus—we, the parents of these little ones —turn back the hands of time, back to our own baby days, the days at our Mother's knee, to ponder there the blatant answer of some misdirected little one—that there isn't any Santa Claus. We, the believers, reply indignantly: "There is TOO, Daddy and Mommy told me so." THEY KNOW. But just **the same, because of the doubting ones, they go to their Fathers and Mothers and ask them, "Is there really a Santa Claus, after all?"**

So this is also the season to read again the famous answer given by Charles A. Dana, in the New York Sun of September 21, 1897. This first written thirty years ago, is as true today as ever.

"We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the Sun."

"Dear Editor:—I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no SANTA CLAUS. Papa says, 'If you see it in the Sun it's so.' Please tell me the truth; is there a SANTA CLAUS?

VIRGINIA O'HANLON."

"VIRGINIA, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except as they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a SANTA CLAUS. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know they abound and give to our life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no VIRGINIAS. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

"Not believe in SANTA CLAUS! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see SANTA CLAUS coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees SANTA CLAUS, but that is no sign that there is no SANTA CLAUS. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest men, nor even the united strength of the strongest men that have ever lived tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside the curtain and view the supernal beauty and glory beyond. It is all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No SANTA CLAUS! Thank God, he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, VIRGINIA, nay ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

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THE EDITOR IS GRATEFUL

Many people contributed to the making of this number:

Robinson Jeffers having promised us one bit of verse, sent us three new poems. He copied in ink his penciled original manuscript, making the same changes in the copy as were in the original.

Una Jeffers contributed snapshots, facts, anecdotes, corrections, and much kind service.

Edgar Lee Masters having written us a paragraph, handed one of us his original poem Spoon River Revisited.

Lincoln Steffens took time off from his own autobiography to write another man's.

Jimmie Hopper dug out an old poem and rewrote it.

Dora Hagemeyer filled in at a moment's notice with anything the Editor asked for, as well as carrying out her original assignments.

Lester Rowntree and Helen Deusner combined their botanical lore to cover the plants of the region, and Laidlaw Williams, young ornithologist, skipped his lectures at Berkeley to write about the birds and sent a photograph taken by himself. Charles Erskine Scott Wood and Sara Bard Field left work on their own poems to offer homage to another poet.

Carl Sandburg, Jaime de Angulo, Witter Bynner, Arthur Ficke, James Rorty sent their pieces from the ends of America with a promptness that lightened an Editor's load.

Fremont Older wrote and sent us a story by return mail.

Caroline Blackman spent nights selecting passages from Jeffers' verse and is only a self-styled "butcher."

Hazel Watrous gave time and thought and invaluable help on the make-up of the paper and Pauline Schindler to the make-up of the advertisements, and most of the village news. Thanks are due her for turning over the Editorship of this issue to the temporary editor, Ella Winter.

The photograph of Una Jeffers in the Supplement is by Johan Hagemeyer, and the snapshot "Jeffers today" on page five was taken by Allan Davis of Pittsburgh, who came up from Southern California to see only Robin and the redwoods.

Our artists were exceptionally generous, taking time off from their accustomed media (and so cheerfully!) to do us wood blocks (Ray Boynton,) and linoleum cuts. Stanley Wood trebled the number we had hesitatingly asked for; and Virginia—Virginia Tooker our "staff artist" who never fails us, in her zeal, spilled over into the ads.

Among the artists who have helped should be named the Seven Arts Press; the compositors, and the pressmen who not only worked; they slaved for it.

But it is our advertisers who really express the distinguished fact that Jeffers is honored in his own country. They made this number possible.

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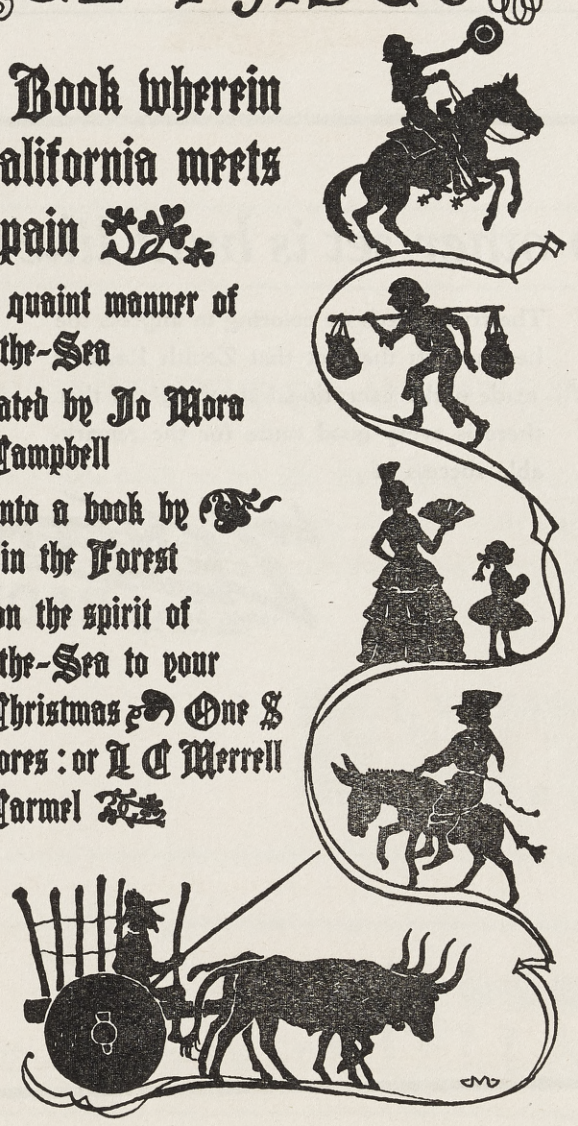

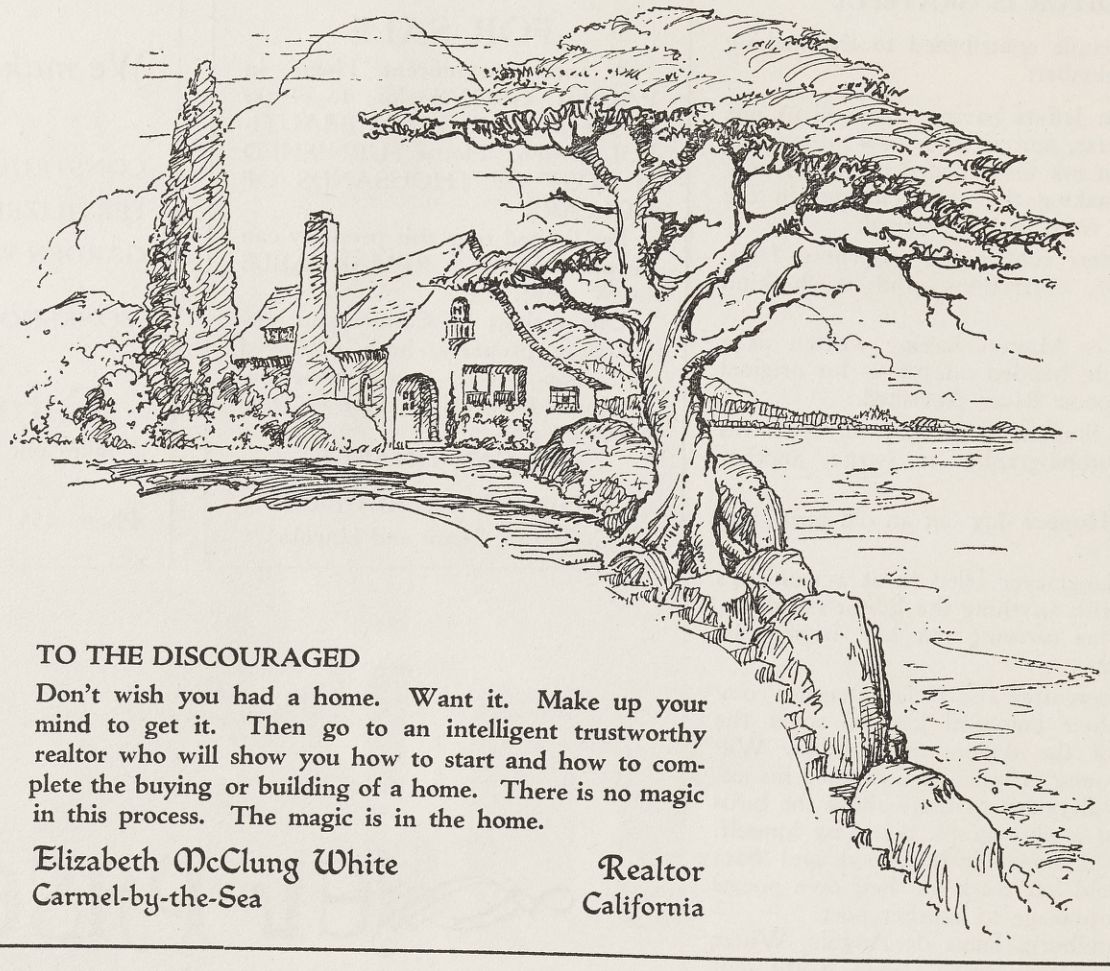

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The Youngest Set

Stanley Wood is teaching these days at the Forest Hill School. Asked if any of the children were showing any talent he said: "Martin Flavin has something and he works like a bird-dog at it."
When Martin (8) got home he said to his mother: "I overheard Mr. Wood talking about my drawing and he said I had something but I couldn't overhear the rest so I don't know what it is I had."

* * * *

Katherine Sandholdt (5) is learning arithmetic at the nursery school. Arriving home one afternoon she reported:
"I did awfully well at my arithmetic; I didn't make no mistakes."

"What about English?" asked her mother, "Don't you have English?"

"No" said Katsy, "we don't have no English."

* * * *

Mother stepped over her little boy's hand, but just then he moved it and her foot squeezed the little finger.

"Oh Billy, I'm so sorry" she cried, "does it hurt?"

"No" said Bill "I did it myself."

* * * *

Pete Steffens (4) had a glass of water at lunch. His mother suggested he should drink milk, and made to reach for the glass. A loud wail.

"But what's the matter Pete?"

"You took my water away."

"No I didn't, look there it is."

"You did," and the wail turned to sobbing.

His mother moved the glass away a little and moved it back to its original place. Pete eyed her out of the corner of a swollen eye.

Then she said: "Drink a little water, Pete, and then we'll have milk."

"I don't want any water" said Pete calmly, "I don't want any water if you didn't take it away."

* * * *

New language:

"My tummy-ache hurts."

"You didn't thought I could find it."

"What did Mr. Orage look like, Son?"
"He looked like Mr. Orage."

Birds like the rain. It is not alone that the rain brings out the worms, who also like the freshness. Watching the birds one could see that they sat out on the most exposed twigs of the trees and bushes taking the showers, apparently for their own sake; just for fun. It was fun to see them as it is good to feel the grass, flowers and trees take it all in. And the worms.

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we have no King, no Glamis,

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EVOLUTION IN A SINGLE SHELL

One of the most interesting shells a student of paleontology has to work with is the Ammonite. It is a large snail about five or six inches in diameter, coiled in a single plane like the main spring of the kitchen clock. It has been extinct for a very long time but many specimens can be found in certain beds of stone well preserved.

"The history of the development of the race is repeated in the development of the individual" is a law that constitutes one of the strongest supports of the theory of evolution. Most animals go through the early stages of their ancestors when they are in the embryonic period of growth and of course leave no record of the various stages. But it is not so with the Ammonite.

The earliest ancestor of the Ammonite is held to be a snail that was shaped like a conical bullet about three to four inches long. The length of his shell was divided into chambers with circular plates that so fitted the outer shell that they made rings on the surface. The connection between the outer shell and the division plates are called suture lines. They figure in the family history.

The next ancestor (the straight form) was one that was a little bit coiled on the pointed end and so they became more and more coiled as the ages went on till the later forms were a close coiled shell. So much for the shape of the shell.

On the earliest member of the family the suture lines were straight so to speak, in as much as they formed complete circles around the outer part of the shell. Gradually as generation after generation passed on these same lines developed silght curves starting from the back of the shell which now becomes a little coiled. The lines slowly, tens of thousands of years perhaps intervening, become more curved and then develop an extra curve. This complicating of the suture line continues until they are no longer simple but extremely complex. Then the animal has reached its highest development and soon becomes extinct. All the types of suture lines that are studied are found on the mature form.

We have traced the development of the Ammonite up to its last stage; now let us go back from the individual, the most highly developed, to its ancestors and see how the characteristics of its youth lead us on. On the outer coil of course we find the very complicated suture lines which look like very fine lace work Breaking off the outer coil we find that when the Ammonite was two thirds grown he did not have such a complicated system of lines. Not until we get down to the inner coils that are very small and delight do we begin to see marked changes. There may be only a few curves in the suture lines and in examining some specimens of the same family from older rocks it will become apparent that the lines are strikingly the same. In continuing this process of breaking down the coils to see who the ancestors were we gradually trace our way back to forms that are not so tightly coiled and at last to one that has a tiny straight part for the last coil very similar to the first bullet shaped parent discussed above.

To put it briefly, as the Paleontologist would in his language, "Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny." It took considerably more time for the Ammonite to tell the same story. —An American Student.

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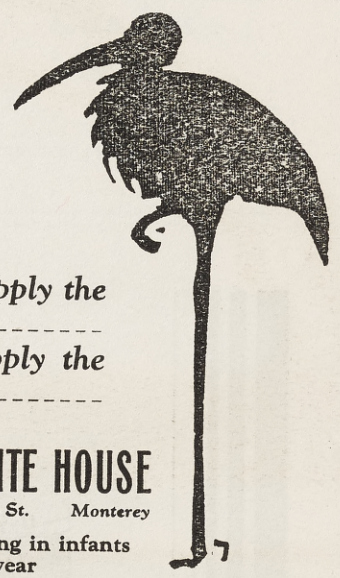

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black-shouldered stone universes
"Of color and life, scarlet and green sea-lichens, violet and rose ane-
mones, wave-purple urchins,
"Red star-fish, tenatacle-rayed pomegranate-color sun-disks, shelled
worms, tuft-headed with astonishing
"Flower-spray, pools of live crystal, quick eels plunged in the
crevices . . . . . "

("Cawdor.")

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ROBINSON JEFFERS
SUPPLEMENT TO

THE CARMELITE

DECEMBER 12, 1928 CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA

JEFFERS THE NEIGHBOR

By Lincoln Steffens.

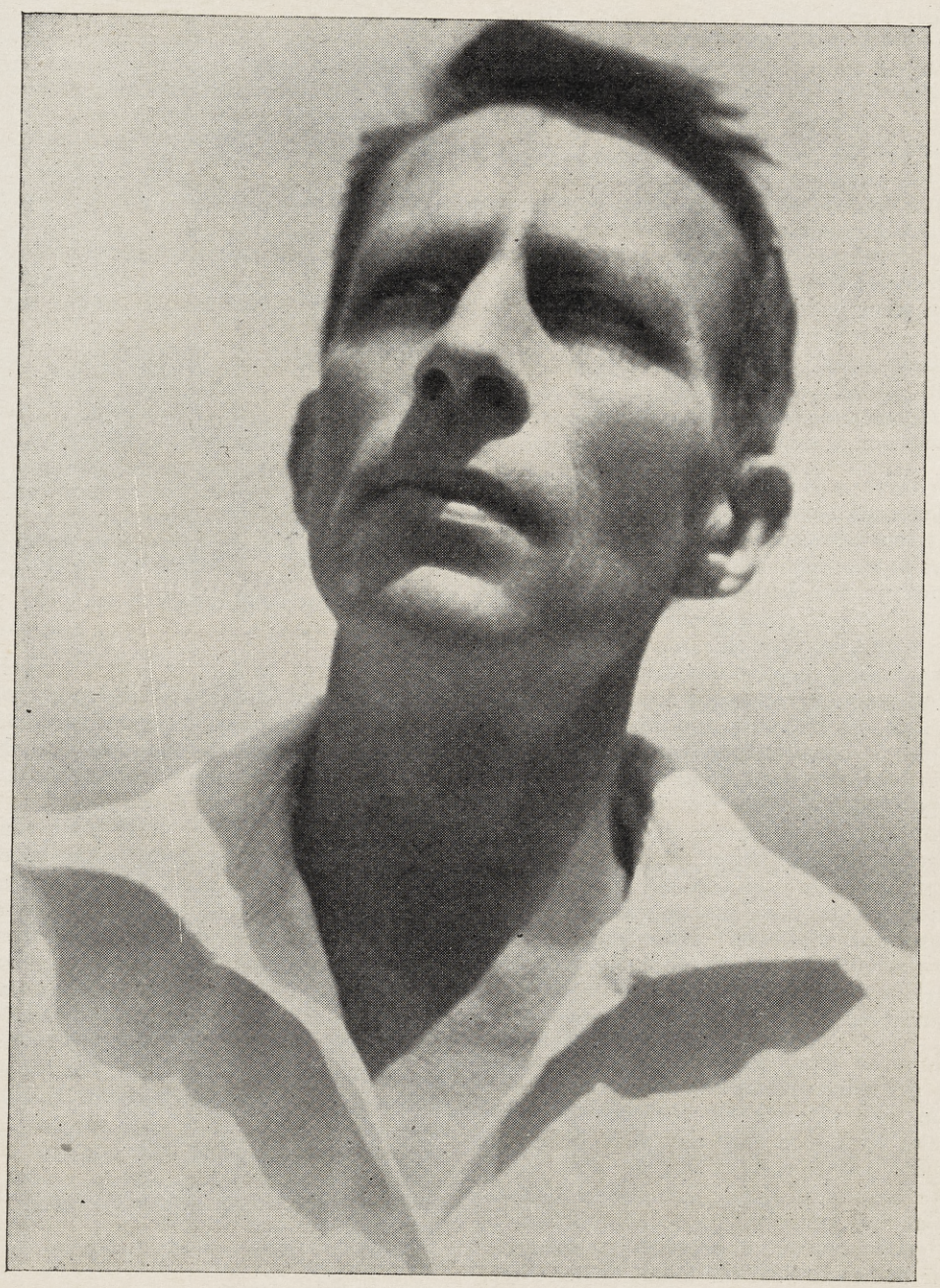
His own country is right—it is quite polite—not to honor the prophet, if Carmel and Robinson Jeffers are an example of the relationship. The grave poet and stone-mason of Carmel does not seek the acknowledgement of his neighbors. Nor does he reject it. "I am quits with the people," he whistles comfortably in one of his poems. He is, he always has been, he probably always will be building him a stone house with a stone wall all around it on a rocky point that was lone and bare when he chose it and then when the villas sprang up about him and the people came, he planted trees, hundreds of young cypresses, between them and him, humming the while a song of prophesy that his woods would close him in someday and his neighbors out. His wife, Una, says that he would not have published anything during his life-time if she had not insistently wished him to. He would have written and stored his poems; he might have written and burned them. His publisher was shocked to receive one day a note from him scribbled on the back of a living page of the manuscript of a long poem, which, the poet said in reply to a telegram, he had destroyed after a publisher had returned it as too long for his use. "An Alpine Christ" was the title of this lost thing which Mrs. Jeffers describes as the freest expression of emotion that her husband has ever allowed himself. She regrets the loss to his neighbors; he doesn't; he had the satisfaction of writing it. He is quits with it and with them.

And yet—freed man as he is—Robinson Jeffers keeps scrupulously his contracts with his publishers and, if people come knocking at his gate, (if it is "after four o'clock," as the sign says) he sets the stone he has in his hands, washes the mortar off his arms and he comes in to greet his visitors with a bule-eyed smile that expresses his wondering welcome as well as words could say it.

"You want to see me?" it says. "You have something to say? To me? Some-

ROBINSON JEFFERS

PORTRAIT—JOHAN HAGEMEYER



thing that the stones and the trees and the hills and the sea do not say? Say it, Man, I can listen. I will hear you gladly."

The trouble with this is that so few of his callers have anything to say. They come so often only to hear what the poet has to say in prose. They seek a sign. And he has no sign. He wrote himself out that morning and, while he was rolling stones up from the beach this afternoon, he was laboring with the words, the very words, that he will set in the mortar of his verse tomorrow morning. His brother, the astronomer, has this gift of silence; his twin boys have it. Mrs. Jeffers, who hasn't it, tells how once when there was some family property to divide, the astronomer came all the way from Mount Hamilton, to make a settlement with the poet. "They sat down to it" Mrs. Jeffers says, "and I watched them. They sat there in silence, neither of them spoke a word. It was funny to see. There was that bit of business to do and they didn't do it, didn't mention it; they didn't mention anything. After a long while, I broke in and suggested a division. I did it only to get them started, but they accepted my idea. First one nodded approval, then the other nodded consent, and apparently greatly relieved, they agreed to the arrangement. They didn't say so; they still didn't say anything. They just nodded and forgot it. But the thing was done my way."

So there is no discourtesy in the Jeffers silence of Robinson Jeffers. He is most gracious always. But he writes what he has to say; he does not talk. He listens, however, and he listens not only with his ears, but with wide-open eyes and mind; he seems to open his whole philosophy to you, if you have anything to tell him. And your offering need not be important or big, as his wife and his boys know well. Una Jeffers, who does all the work of that household and covers her man's silence with her conversation, is also the newsgatherer for the family. She brings back from the village market and from her rapid round of calls, the gossip of the town just as she gathers the gossip of the hills. And some of her stories of the hills have gone into the making of some of Jeffers' best poetical narratives. As to the town gossip—

He never goes into town himself, "except to get a hair-cut or something like that," she says, and yet my authority on local news exclaimed one day that Robinson Jeffers knows more about the people and the stories and the lectures in Carmel than any other villager. Mrs. Jeffers is a good reporter, a provider of food for the bodies and for the minds of her three, silent, dependent males. " 'She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,' and arranged my life" Jeffers has said of her.

Una Jeffers is a key to the situation. I quoted to Jeffers once a cock-sure psychologist who, seeing for the first time the tower the poet had built said: "But of course. That is the symbol that explains everything we wonder at in his poetry." Jeffers smiled. "It was Una that wanted a tower," he said. "I built it for her." And I looked across the point to the stone house that her first husband had had built on this same lonely, rocky shore. She loves poetry, whether written or unwritten, and poets, especially the poets and the poetry of Ireland. She knows all the Irish myths and legends, sees their like in the rough old stories of the Pacific Coast which she brings to Robin as stuff to be turned into his growing mythology. She held up one day in triumph a print of Yeats' tower, that had succeeded by dint of slow correspondence with Irish poets and book shops in getting, and the library and walls of the Jeffers' living room have many examples of Irish lore. Hers.

"Aren't you ever going to travel any more?" I asked Jeffers when he had said that he meant not only to live but to die at Tor house. "Una," he answered lugubriously, "Una says we are going to Ireland next year or next." She is forever going to Ireland next year and, when she does go, it will be significant that her men-folk will go too, all the helpless speechless three of them, and it will have psychological point that they will like Ireland and that one of them will have found himself over there. "Well, he will," said Mrs. Jeffers when I told her what I have here written, "I'll show Robin things that he will write about." Yes, this happy, busy, charming Irish woman who loves towers and storied shores and her three big strong children is a key to her poet and to his poetry. That we, their neighbors, can see and say. But we over-say it.

The other key to him is Jeffers himself. He is the simplest, the healthiest, the most contented neighbor we have out here, and the reason is that he knows what he wants of life; and has it; and knows that he has it. Carmel, you understand, is a place where people who have done their life-work or got their living retire to do as they please. No more adventures, no more labor, anxiety, duties, reforms, wars for them. They will live happy ever-after. So they intend, and some of them are content. The place is quiet, unimproved, good enough, and it is beautiful as it stands. When Robinson Jeffers first saw it; when his studies and his travels were over, his wild oats sown, and he had found and taken the woman he wanted; when he came with her over the hill from Monterey and saw and dipped down into the village under the pines on the sea-shore, the woman says the man said:

"This is the place, here we'll live always."

He might have said that here he would do his life-work, for that is what he intended, that is what he is doing. He had retired only from the world of business to the universe where he could work for himself and the stars. He was young, he had a small competence—quite enough for his needs—he had his wife, he chose his rocky point on the shore whence the hills are in his plain sight, and his hearing. The twin boys came right along to find him working with stone-masons and learning from them how to pile stones so that they will stay set forever. "He's a stone-mason," the stone-masons told Jesse Lynch Williams. "He puts too much cement into his mortar, but aside from that, he's a stone-mason." He puts in more cement than a good-enough builder would; he puts too much cement into his poetry and his life and his family for the same reason that he likes to handle stone: because he has learned from nature to like to feel that he is building for ever and ever. And that, it seems to me, is because, like The Artist and like all the processes of nature, he is working for no other audience than himself. It has done him nothing but good to have published his poems and to have had the acknowledgement from some men of their power, skill and beauty. His wife shows us now and then letters from distinguished men and thoughtful reviews which "no, Robin has not had time to read them yet." They call for some response and, when she urges that he "answer just this one," he grumbles, "Why can't we all crawl off down into our holes and stay there." He has not been spoiled by "success" but it has given him some added sense of his strength even though he did not need that. He writes regularly, hard, intent, as the sea hammers away at Point Lobos; as his hands put up stone: to function, to live, to say steadily, day by day, what the nature that can speak through a star or a hawk, has to say through Robinson Jeffers.

"It's my job to say certain things" he told someone who asked him why he wrote.

"When he had finished the tower," Mrs. Jeffers relates, "I suggested that he make the dining room, and he went at that and has been at it ever since."

On the other hand, she says: "He never talks to me about what he is writing." And he: 'I can't talk about that. If I bring it up into the light, I seem to lose it:"

The domestic, the physical life of the poet of terrors and tragedies is arranged exactly to suit him, "My private life is ridiculously happy" he said once and he dreads any change in it. He says in his "Apology for Bad Dreams" that he writes what he writes to fend off the evil.

"Burn sacrifices once a year to magic" he says

"Horror away from the house, this little house here
" You have built over the ocean with your own hands
.....I imagined victims
for those wolves, I made them phantoms to follow,
They have hunted the phantoms and missed the house."

James Hopper remarked at Tor House one day that when pretty, flirtatous women were there, Jeffers sat on the edge of his chair ready to fly. This is not exactly fear of women; it is more like a fear for his life, for the whole physical arrangement which frees his mind to adventure. And his life is threatened now and then; the anecdote "The Girl and the Stone-mason" printed in another column shows how he deals with such approaches. Jeffers is no mere rhymer of loves and doves; these are incest, the deadly interest of man in man. He was highly educated in several countries; he did not lay down on his gifts, as so many young artists do. He fed and drilled his talent in a scientific training which brought him through with a developed consciousness of the universe as a whole, physics and metaphysics, anatomy, biology, chemistry and astronomy. What the world knew approximately, he learned, what the exploring scientists are reporting is his sort of news; not the newspaper news, not human history alone; the astronomer and the chemists are his reporters, they and his wife and his neighbors. For he is aware out on his point of the suicide of Rem Remsen, of the wounded hawk he and his boys are protecting, of the bursting stars and the attempts to explode the revolutionary atom. So his poetry is aware of these events as well as of the comedy and the tragedy of man's preoccupation with himself which Jeffers sees from the bottom of his "incestral tower," as some self-reading homo sapiens called the monument this wise man built to his happy wife and their domestic simplicity.

Jeffers flies because he has the time, the machinery and the will to fly as far and as fast as thought, which is better winged than light.

THE JUDGMENT OF HIS PEERS

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

The invitation to contribute something to the Robinson Jeffers number of the Carmelite reaches me just as I am setting forth on an automobile trip for which I am regretful, because I should like to send something in the way of verse in celebration of the advent of Cawdor, and as a tribute to the magnitude of the genius which has given America Roan Stallion, The Women at Point Sur, and many poems of enduring memory. In the letter of Lincoln Steffens which brought to me the invitation to be among the contributors of the memorial number of the Carmelite, that chronicler of these times depicts Jeffers as a man who never goes out to tea, or to political meetings; but who seems to prefer the companionship of trees and stones. I believe this to be a fair portrait of Jeffers as far as it goes, which is another way of saying that Jeffers with the rest of his penetration into the secrets of life saw early that poetical gifts are like gold coins which can lose their brightness, and some of their metal by being shaken in a bag, the bag being the rooms of miscellaneous association which takes but gives nothing. But I shall add to trees and stones as companions dear to the Jeffers heart, the two handsome sons who stand about their father like young eagles watching to see what the strong father is going to do next, never forgetting Mrs. Jeffers who helps the poet to achieve his creations in ways too subtle and inevitably skillful to be told about in a letter like this. If I were writing a poem of Jeffers I might draw a picture of some of those evenings

I spent at his house in Carmel in July of 1926, when George Sterling was along, and Gaylord Wilshire (whom I nicknamed Quex) and when while Quex talked about London, and an English writer named Shaw, and Sterling heckled Quex, Jeffers sat by smoking and chuckling, while Mrs. Jeffers made no attempt to restrain a mirth which equally captured the fun of the occasion. Or I might write a poem about our tree planting (it wouldn't be in the manner of Bryant's planting of the apple tree). I don't know what kind of trees they were; but one was set out in honor of me and one in honor of Quex. Sterling I believe had won his tree before this time. That was a humorous hour too, full of mischievous irony. One could see it in Jeffers' eyes, as with bared arms he dug the holes and planted the roots. Well, here's to the powerful young man Jeffers, alive with health, and of sanest vision, qualities so necessary to handle and to treat sick and bewildered humanity. He took up his abode by the sea, where he could walk like the priest Chryses along the shore of the many tongued waters, and get their rhythms. And he went back to the Greeks to brighten his eyes for contemplation of the American scene, the wisest things—that an American poet could do. All of which means that I believe in Cawdor without having seen it; and hope for America's appreciation of it—without being sure of that for the present.

"UNA"

Many people have wondered, seeing the vital beauty and courage of Una Jeffers, the wife of the poet, just how deeply she is connected with the apearance of the poems. Certainly the quiet power with which she watches over the household, the love she radiates, the culture out of which her mind flowers as a plant out of rich soil, must have had their effect. The thoroughness with which she lives her part, her unfailing energy and joyousness are an essential setting to the dark phenomenon of Jeffers. —D. H.

SARA BARD FIELD

When one has read Robinson Jeffers much and often and contemplated him long, a shyness born of a sense of proportion overtakes that one when confronted with the necessity to formulate impressions of this titanic poet. It is as if, having lived long among the rhythms of these enduring hills, one was suddenly asked to "say a few words about them." Proximity to majesty seals the lips. "Be still and know that I am God."

One critic has ably shown us that the roots of Jeffers' poetry are in Greek philosophy and another, even more ably, in East India; but to me the thunder of his poetic message to humanity is Hebraic. His manner of utterance is more philosophic and less moralistic than the prophets of Israel but the "mass power" which he worships, to which he commands the attention of his young sons is akin to the ideals of racial righteousness, the beauty of national holiness which was the loud dream of Amos and Isaiah and, in its failure, the loud lamentation of Jeremiah.

"There is beauty in power also.
You children must widen your mind's eyes to take mountains
Instead of persons; not to hate life; and massed power
After the lone halk's dead."

I am still dazed from contact with certain blind souls who cry "unmoral" "obscene" "destructive" after reading Jeffers' poetry. No poet has come to us with cleaner hands or a purer heart. He has attacked the poison, as he sees it, at the root of life, not with sugar coated pills but as a great physician and surgeon—with aloes and wormwood, with sharp knives laying open the repulsive sore that the heart of humanity may be made clean as the bitter waters by which he lives clean the Carmel Coast. "I must be cruel to be kind" is his attitude. Out of ebony

symbols he fashions his honest mirror and holds it before the face of human nature. Some can not, dare not look. Others, a very few, see indeed the pock marks of the visage but see, too, the potential beauty of a visage cured of the disease that mars it. To me Jeffers is like a man who has gone to hell's depths and still believes in the potential goodness of devils. He has plunged into the blackest depth of humanity's degradation and pledges his faith to its ultimate destiny. Those who do not know his earlier work should get **Californians** and read the Ode on Human Destiny.

Were I a god who could give this great poet one gift it would be to open to him the deep secret of Joy. To me his one great lack is a need to know Socrates' teaching of equal counterparts. Robinson Jeffers confuses joy with the bubble, happiness. He tell us "Joy is a trick in the air." Yet Joy is the other face of that Sorrow he deifies. He does not yet see that Joy is the star beyond tragedy. The Tragedy of Prometheus and of Christ has a shining side large as the dark surface. "Who for the **joy** that was set before him endured the cross despising the shame." Beethoven knew this, crushed as he was under every personal and impersonal sorrow. His supreme object was to reveal the secret of Joy on the pinnacle of Sorrow. Apes are sad-eyed. Gods and angels are "bright of counterrance." Joy is a farther point in evolution. "The people," Jeffers says "are always crying." Not always. Sometimes they sing. Song, not laughter, is the voice of Joy.

It is overwhelmingly significant that Jeffers' fearful insight into human nature has not moved him to contemptuous isolation. Isolated geographically he may be or may try to be (since now the world is at his door) but in soul he is "closer to them than breathing and nearer than hands and feet." He cannot forget them even when he "drew solitude over me, on the lone shore, by the hawk-perch stones." And here in this last book **Cawdor** which he has just given to us—in the last utterance in the book:

"Yet I am the one made pledges against
the refuge contempt, that easily locks
the world out of doors.
This people as much as the sea granite
is part of the God from whom I desire
not to be fugitive."

It is so I always see him, a proud, lonely titan standing on the sea-granite rock around which pound high waters, one hand stretched toward the humanity he cannot, will not love but whose perfected mass power he can coldly worship; the other hand stretched toward a God whose supreme gift to the individual is, for him, unconsciousness when "they are able then to be still and not cry." He does not want to be a Savior but there he stands on his bloodless cross.

JAIME DE ANGULO

No, I couldn't tell you anything about Jeffers. That man is a mystery to me and has always been. I don't know what he is thinking about, or how he thinks, and as I have never read any of his books . . . I liked him because he is good-looking. He never talked with me. I did all the talking. I don't know whether he ever understood a word of what I said. But that didn't matter. On the contrary, that was the beauty of it: to talk to a man, and to know that he is not listening to your words. It's like carrying a conversation with yourself. You talk and talk and say anything you feel like saying without any regard for the contradictions, and all the while you have a feeling that the fellow is thinking and thinking about something else, something inside of him. You are perhaps walking with him along the road by the beach. There is the stunted chaparral, and the sand, the beach, the breakers booming. We both see all that. I talk. He is dreaming away. The stunted chaparral, the breakers, the glistening sand colour my talk. They colour his dreaming. Somehow or other his dreaming gets inside of me and my words get inside of him.

Then he built himself a house, with his own hands. Enormous boulders, mortar half of cement, walls as thick as half the room inside. Why did he do it? He doesn't know himself. But I could tell him. It was all for the sake of that little window, that tiny little window upstairs, where you lie on your stomach and peep at the stormy sea outside.

WITTER BYNNER

"I sent these paragraphs to Jeffers after my Carmel visit," writes Witter Bynner. "Point Sur was the immediate occasion of my strictures, and they obviously do not apply to such lyrics as you have printed from Jeffers in recent Carmelites." If I had known him first and his work second, I might better have appreciated the work. He himself is a good old tree, yet his bark presses angrily, not against other trees, but against grass. In that, he is somewhat like D. H. Lawrence. Why ought the other lone trees to be denied, and the fact that they, after all, make the landscape? He is too young a soul to be so old, too tender to be so tough, too sweet to be sour.

Humanity happens to motivate openly and speak. If the rocks and trees and the beasts had reached that state, they would do no better than humanity. How can Jeffers be content with a dumb unfulfillment and think he has dodged his germ? The old fawn should come into the human world with a new patience. He should let the hair on his ears be trimmed a while. It will grow again. He is, after all, an element made into man, made into something more intricate than his gulls and his seaweed. It is part of his job to find this intricacy not only beautiful, but simple.

The incest he worries about, and at the same time likes, is nothing worse innerly than the members trying to belong to their membership. He should change his disgust into patience and become a real seer.

At seven o'clock last evening on the train a forlorn tooth in my head began ulcerating. The abcess pounded at my jaw and ear and mind all night but never succeeded in disgusting me with my head. Just now I had the tooth out. I have babied that tooth for a decade. I know its every crinkle. It is gone, but the head, for a while, remains, and something more than the head. This pulse actuates more than heads and nervous teeth.

Jeffers begins always like a preacher with a text, and the text is usually beautiful, and then he deteriorates into anathema against the human race as the pulpit deteriorates into dull beatitudes. He and the pulpit are no different, because neither will be tolerant of the fact that a happy heart and an abcessed tooth can exist in the same carcass, and need no heaven to arbitrate between them.

I am doubtless too gregarious a person for Jeffers. I am in some ways too gregarious a person for myself. But finding in persons the jaggedness of rocks, or the pulp of seaweed, or the emphatic greed of gulls, I refuse to entertain, as Jeffers and Lawrence do, a necessary difference between the human and the animal world, except in favor of the human.

If it is the earth Jeffers favors, the long, large, high, wide, giving and receiving earth, then I am with him. Therein lies my first value through these breathing seconds. But drawn into that value is the human value—and Jeffers, with his wife and boys, knows it far better than I, a bachelor.

Here is my preachment against his.

To this criticism Jeffers wrote in reply: "The old balance between the people and the world is broken temporarily, and I rather resent it. It is hard to keep on sympathizing with the top dog. Of course that is no excuse for petulance, but only a reason. No doubt what I make verses for is the hope of getting it said as well as possible in the course of time. Meanwhile we write out of our conflicts and excesses—you as well as I—if they were quite reconciled we could afford to keep still. If it is a fault to be gregarious, it is also a fault to be solitary; we just have to live with our natures."

. . .he folded his doubts like a man
folding
A live coal in his hand.

—"Cawdor."

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

I would not be absent from any gathering to honor Robinson Jeffers and so I bring my spray of laurel to add to the wreath you are preparing. I cannot pick him to pieces and then put him together again after the manner of critics.

And I would not if I could; for while I respect the tremendous learning of critics which justifies the inevitable dogmatism —I do not myself care to possess either.

I am so much the anarchist that I would hesitate long—perhaps too long—before I told a poet how to write a poem or undertook to place him in his appropriate niche in the gallery of cliff-dwellers beginning with Homer and ending with —well—not with—Robinson Jeffers.

I cannot rid myself of that psychological weakness which makes me believe that Christ for his day and place did fully as well, if not better, than I could have instructed him—for his day—and that Jeffers knows as much about his rhythms and subjects at I do. Whatever Jeffers may lose by this self-restraint or weakness of mine must be lost—I cannot overcome my own nature just to benefit him and the world.

But if I cannot dissect him mentally, morally, rhythmically, physically and psychologically, classically and fundamentally I can speak in large general terms and there I am at home, more sure of my ground than his Blind Cawdor. I think Jeffers the largest of our living poets, the greatest English poet of today.

To go further than that is dangerous, for I do not know other languages and it is not for me or any of our time to place him relatively with his long line of ancestors Greek or English. My reason for placing him as I do—the greatest of our poets—is not a reason at all, but an emotion. I feel instinctively—that he is a great original, and originality is our most precious jewel.

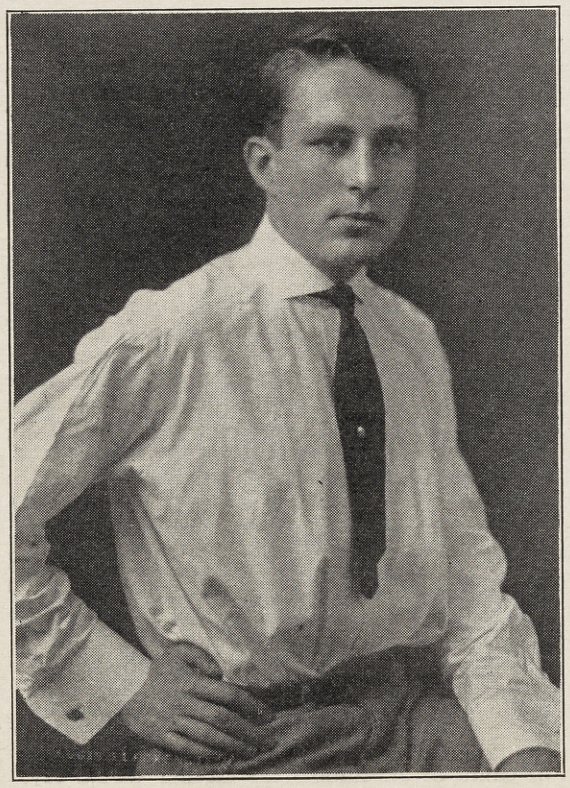
He is at one with nature, the earthly and the celestial forces. A Titan, traumaturgic. He holds Man, that wonderful beast or insect, in the hollow of his hand —including himself.

He has a powerful imagination—cosmic—and a music all his own, into which magic words fall as grace notes in a phrase or melodic bars in a symphony.

I do not know of any one else so little imitative—so dramatically imaginative. So much the bard, the seer, the poet.

CARL SANDBURG

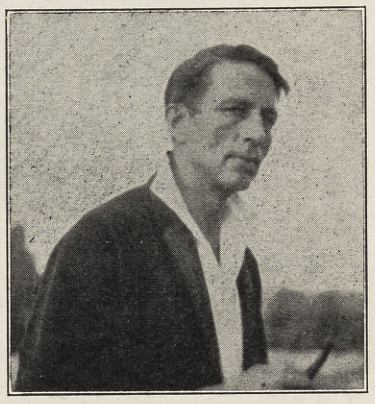
Robinson Jeffers has the handsome strength and general symmetry of physical structure employed by the young men who draw horrendous illustrations for the popular magazines. I noticed this when I called on him at his homemade stone home. I also noticed, however, that he had a face of swiftly shaded mobility of expression that could not in a month of Sundays be captured by the best of magazine illustrators. Often, I have the feeling that Jeffers is more than an equal of Balboa, for he too has discovered the Pacific Ocean. And to discover something as big as the Pacific Ocean, after others have also discovered it, requires eyesight and navigation ability requisite to the business of being a poet. Also, by was of posttcript, it is easy to say Jeffers is a better man than Balboa for Balboa is dead and drinking bitter beer and don't hear us.



JEFFERS ÆT EIGHTEEN

JAMES RORTY

"I think Jeffers is one of the best poets alive and have said so at various times; shall be glad to say so again for your special issue. This, in spite of the fact that I don't share his philosophy—am in fact convinced that it embodies distortions which, for example, prevented me from getting any genuine tragic purgation out of "The Women At Point Sur." What of it? He writes with greater poetic intensity than any other living poet I have read."



JEFFERS TODAY

TRAGIC THEMES

Asked once why he wrote so much of tragic themes, Jeffers wrote in reply:

"It seems to me that every personal story ends more or less in tragedy; comedy is an unfinished story. The impersonal and universal story never finishes at all, and is neither merry nor sad, though it appears to me to be intensely in earnest. My own life is hitherto much happier than most lives and quite ridiculously contended with its personal and natural environment. I should be glad to live like this for several centuries; but good and evil are very cunningly balanced in the most favored lives, and I shouldn't consider myself ill-used if I had to die to-morrow, though it would be very annoying."

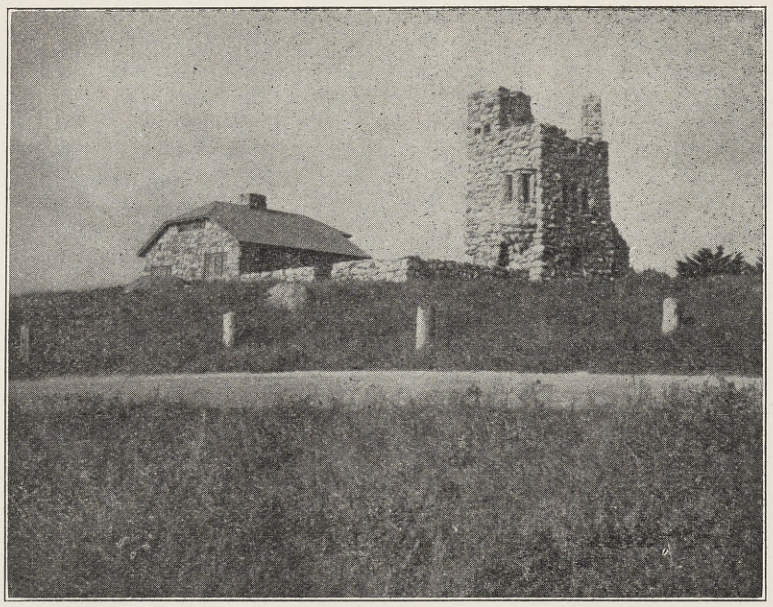
THE RHYTHM

From a letter written in answer to a question about Jeffers' ideas of rhythm.

"I want it rhythmic and not rhymed—moulded more closely to the subject than in older English poetry—but as formed as alchaic if that were possible too. The event is of course a compromise but I like to avoid arbitrary form and capricious lack or disruption of form.

My feeling is for the number of beats to the line: there is a quantitative element too in which the unstressed syllables have part; the rhythm from many sources—physics—biology—the beat of blood, the tidal environments of life to which life is formed—also a desire for singing emphasis that prose does not have."

TOR
HOUSE
AND
THE
FORTY
FOOT
TOWER



J. R. JEFFERS, STONE-MASON

By Ella Winter

One of the familiar sights in Carmel as you walk or drive around The Point is a long lean figure bending low by a stone wall or at the end of a long hose watering trees, or loping over to the hollow that is the boundary of the three acres of its wide, open, unprotected grounds. It may be inspecting the frontier lines (marked on two sides by solid storm-wracked posts of weird shapes, collected from wrecks washed up on the beaches around) or gazing at the latest damage done by gopher and ground squirrel. The figure with khaki trousers pushed into leggings and white shirt open at the neck is rarely without a pipe, a tranquil solidity, and an aloof indifference to passers-by, even if they stop on the road.

The same figure was watched by indifferent and then increasingly curious neighbors ten years ago as it hauled great granite boulders from the beach and rolled them up an inclined plane, higher and higher in the course of the five or six years that Robinson Jeffers took to build his Hawk Tower. Early Carmelites recall how in those days they first wondered, and then ceased to wonder, as the phenomenon took on the slow unchangeability of the cliffs and the ocean and the herons flying. You cannot wonder all of six years.

And so Robinson Jeffers came to be accepted in his home surroundings as one with the nature he loves so well, as permanent and unperishable. Few realise, least of all himself perhaps, how he is talked about in New York literary salons. Some of his friends are afraid criticism, adulation, publicity will spoil him—make him the man in the world he does not wish to be. They do not realise the granite of his nature. These things of the world are little dogs yapping at his heels, flies to be brushed off—not discourteously but only because one does not like a fly crawling up one's sleeve.

A young newspaper reporter had just concluded an interview asking Jeffers his ideas of God, religion, immortality and the other stock questions. When he had left Jeffers turned to his wife.

"You remarked that my last book was more misanthropic than the others," he said, "and you wanted to know the reason. That's the reason." And he nodded toward the young man walking jauntily and with the sense of a difficult job well accomplished out of his garden gate.

Interviewing Jeffers would indeed be difficult. He cannot tell about the things the newspaper man wants to know. He does not think along those lines, he does not see from that angle. Answering a question once which brought about a little argument Jeffers hastily murmured slowly "I never have expressed an opinion that I wasn't ashamed of afterwards." His publisher wrote and asked for biographical material, for publicity. "According to Lawrence Sterne," the poet wrote in reply, "the only things of consequence that a man can do are to plant a tree, get a child, build a house, write a book. I have just finished a book and have built a house, gotten two children and planted two thousand trees but none of these things is biographical material."

It could not be more clearly stated than Jeffers has stated it in "Boats in a Fog": . . ."It is bitter earnestness that makes beauty; the mind knows, grown adult. . . .fishing boast, trailing each other. . . A flight of pelicans. . . The flight of the planets. . .; all the arts lose virtue against the essential reality of creatures going about their business among the equally earnest elements of nature." People. . . people think people all important. Jeffers repeats over and over "people living in cities hardly look at or think of anything but each other and each others' works and amusements." His symbol of incest is used to show "man regarding man exclusively." In Cawdor he says it again:

"They are sieves for leaking desires; they
have many pleasures
And conversations; their dreams too are
like that.
The unsocial birds are a greater race;
Cold-eyed, and their blood burns."

Someone asked Una once why Robin hated humanity so. "He doesn't hate people at all," said his wife, "he gets too interested sometimes, and that puts him off from what he is doing and he can't work so well. He feels you have got to choose between work and the other things. Besides, he has so much to do."

People stand aghast when you tell them Jeffers is "too busy." What can his time be filled with, on a lonely distant point way off on the Pacific coast, when he never goes to theatres or plays or concerts or any social gatherings? What can he be so busy at?

His absorption in his work is not only an intellectual idea dictated from without. Jeffers has solved the problem (greatly aided by his wife) of living with his nature.

He has recognized, realized, and accepted his nature, and built his life in accordance with it rather than trying to alter it or chase always some imagined good or better as so many people of our era do (which explains the vogue of coueism and "practical psychology" and other forms of self-hypnotism).

". . .coldness and the tenor of a stone tranquility;
slow life, the growth of trees and verse,
content the unagitable and somewhat earthfast nature."

Slow and deep and tranqil and rock-like, he cannot be hurried. It is no accident that he prefers to build in stone and that he writes of granite rocks and that the people he chooses to write about are rock-like. If there is such a thing as unconscious identification, Jeffers is Cawdor. He cannot bear to be hurried, he cannot raise his voice, he never loses his temper. His low slow voice, his long slow movements, ("he drives me to distraction with his slow eating and his hour in the bath-tub" cries his nimble, impulsive, busy wife) all express his nature "It always worries me when Una tells me to hurry" smiled Robin when told by a mother that she tried to give her child his own time to do things, and that a child's tempo was so slow.

Perhaps his upbringing helped. With a young vivacious mother who loved social life, a much older father absorbed in his books (his father was twenty-two years older than his mother), and a brother seven years younger and therefore no companion, the boy was left much to himself. "John, go and play with Robinson" his mother would say, (his name is John Robinson). Often Jeffers and his wife

compare the happy youth of their boys, who being twins, are always together, with their own more solitary childhoods. The father's relation with these boys is a rare one. The three are more like triplets. When they are out on a walk, when visitors come and the boys sit silently in the room listening to the conversation or pursue their own occupations, carving, modelling, drawing, or preparing their lessons, a low word will drop from the father to the boys that is hardly a human word. It is more like a wave talking to another wave, or birds communicating. Asked once whether he was very attached to his boys, the father replied, "I'm crazy about them"; and it came as almost a shock to realize that after all they were separate beings, father and sons. Every evening Jeffers reads to them for two house before their bedtime, Hardy, Dostoievsky, Scott, Jane Austen. He has read to them thus in the evenings ever since they could understand Mother Goose. When they were babies the father took charge of one twin and the mother of the other. Having no maid or nurse the two were too much work for one person. But it was Jeffers' pleasure, not a duty, that made him turn nurse.

Every visitor to the Jeffers home comments on its simplicity; no telephone, no electric light, no servants. Una brings home the groceries in her little shopping basket, cooks and darns; Robin puts on the coffee in the morning, sets the table, dries while his wife washes the dishes. (And now that the twins are twelve they help too). One afternoon when callers were there, Una apologised for the non-appearance of her husband. "He's waxing the kitchen floor," she said, "and I must have it finished this afternoon." The house is an exact copy of an old Tudor barn in Surrey that Una liked, except that she put in an extra window so that more light would fall on the desk upstairs. The top floor is taken up by one big attic with the four beds hidden in nooks; and at one end is the desk and heavy wooden chair from some old ranch of the neighborhood at which the poet works all morning. The little window looks out on the garden and trees and chickens, away from the sea. When something is finished Jeffers typewrites it himself on the ten-year-old family typewriter (when not used by him Garth is typing out proposed lists of animals for his future farm), and the MS written in pencil is burned. At least it was until a few years ago someone wrote and asked for a manuscript and Una discovered the waste. She stopped the practice with "Tamar."

After lunch, stone work and planting trees, or else the family goes off on "a pilgrimage," which is what the boys have always called the long trips back in the hills or up the dark redwood canyons, when they leave the ten-year-old Ford at some point and walk for many hours in the forests and along the magnificent hill-tops. On these lonely walks an occassional human is met with, and out of these chance encounters poems grow. Jeffers is working on one now.

Or if there is no pilgrimage or picnic (these are rare) and no callers have come, the family will go walking along the beach and by the river mouth toward twilight. On these walks there is unending loveliness to explore: tiny abalone shells, amethyst sand that has worn off rock of that colour; an old disused road, mortars in the granite used by the Indians; kelp and seaweeds, strange clinging things in the pools of the rocks; a dead hawk, a wild duck shot as it was flying over the lagoon and left there by the careless huntsman. All these things the boys espy, or their mother, or the father, and each calls the others and all together they examine them. In one walk with this family one will have more things pointed out, big and little, than might be seen in a year alone. The streaks across the granite that have remained from a previous geological age more than tens of thousands of years ago; the clump of eucalyptus partially hiding the broken shack in which a ranchman was burned to death; the little boat that comes whistling round the Point by Allen's ranch every evening (either a fishing boat or a rum-runner signaling to his confederates.) The clouds and the hills and the flying birds, the violet ocean and the still lagoon; "enchanted" is Una's word for it; and enchanted it is.

When they get home there is the supper and then reading to the boys and then the quiet evening when Una reads or writes letters or sews the shirt-buttons on and Robin smokes his slow pipe by the lamplight and mulls over—or lets them mull over him—the lines and words and images he will be putting on paper next morning.

And the putting down on paper of the things he has to say are equal in importance with the heron and the gull, night and the cement that is hardening, the abalone shell and the blue gums that are fast turning into eucalyptuses around the house.

. . ."all these forms of power placed without order or preference
In the grave arrangement of the evening."

Jeffers does not think of himself as a poet. Asked by a friend, "Do you think of yourself as a poet or as a man who writes poetry" he was startled into an almost-quick reply: "Oh, of course that, the latter," he said. And when his poems are done he is as free of them as when the stone has hardened in the wall of the dining room. He never reads his own poems, never after they are in print; he very rarely looks at reviews of his own works, or heads adulatory letters. What have they to do with him? . . ."Sympathy? Praise? I have never desired them and also I have never deserved them" says the wildeyed sculptor of Titans; and at the end of that poem:

"While he lives, let him alone."

Jeffers is telling everything he has to tell in his verse,

"But I having told you—
However, I suppose that few in the world have energy to hear effectively—"

His verse reveals a man and a philosophy which, listened to, "heard," might form that
"Ideal humanity that might be worthy
to **be**
Under that lightning."

THE HOUSE

I am heaping the bones of the old mother,
to build us a hold against the host of the air. . .

* * * *

Stone-cutters fighting time with marble, you fore-defeated challengers of oblivion . . .the poet as well builds his monument mockingly. . .

TOR HOUSE FROM THE PACIFIC

Evening Ebb.

The ocean has not been so quiet for a long while; ~~not~~ five
~~the cormorants~~ night-herons
Fly shoreward
~~Drift over~~ voiceless in the hush of the air
Over the calm of an ebb that almost mirrors their wings.
~~The clouds come from the fog-wall~~
The sun has gone down, and the water has gone down ~~from the weed-~~
~~clad rock~~
From the weed-clad rocks, but the distant cloud-wall rises. The
ebb whispers.
Great cloud-shadows float in the opal water.
Through rifts in the screen of the world pale gold gleams and
the evening
star suddenly glides like a flying torch.
As if we had not been meant to see her; ~~she was dressing~~ rehearsing behind
The screen of the world for another audience.

—Robinson Jeffers.
Summer, 1928.

THREE POEMS

By Robinson Jeffers

EVENING EBB

The ocean has not been so quiet for a long while; five night-herons
Fly shorelong voiceless in the hush of the air
Over the calm of an ebb that almost mirrors their wings.
The sun has gone down, and the water has gone down
From the weed-clad rock, but the distant cloud-wall rises. The ebb
whispers,
Great cloud shadows float in the opal water.
Through rifts in the screen of the world pale gold gleams and the
evening
Star suddenly glides like a flying torch.
As if we had not been meant to see her; rehearsing behind
The screen of the world for another audience.

HANDS

Inside a cave in a narrow canyon near Tassajara
The vault of rock is painted with hands,
A multitude of hands in the twilight, a cloud of men's palms, no more,
No other picture. There's no one to say
Whether the brown shy quiet people who are dead intended
Religion or magic, or made their tracings
In the idleness of art; but over the division of years these careful
Signs-manual are now like a sealed message
Saying: "Look: we also were human; we had hands, not paws. All hail
You people with the cunning hands, our supplanters
In the beautiful country; enjoy her a season, her beauty, and come down
And be supplanted; for you also are human."

HOODED NIGHT

At night, toward dawn, all the lights of the shore have died,
And a wind moves. Moves in the dark
The sleeping power of the ocean, no more beastlike than manlike,
Not to be compared; itself and itself.
Its breath blown shoreward huddles the world with a fog; no stars
Dance in heaven; no ship's light glances.
I see the heavy granite bodies of the rocks of the headland,
That were ancient here before Egypt had pyramids,
Bulk on the gray of the sky, and beyond them the jets of young trees
I planted the year of the Versailles peace.
But here is the final unridiculous peace. Before the first man
Here were the stones, the ocean, the cypresses,
And the pallid region in the stone-rough dome of fog where the moon
Falls on the west. Here is reality.
The other is a spectral episode; after the inquisitive animal's
Amusements are quiet: the dark glory.

SANDPIPERS AT THE LAGOON

BIRDS OF THE JEFFERS COUNTRY

By Laidlaw Williams.

East of Tor House is the Carmel Lagoon. If the river is not dammed up by the sand of the beach, or storm waves have not broken over from the sea, long stretches of flats are exposed, the feeding places of shore birds. In spring and fall flocks of Western and Least Sandpipers feed about on the water's edge. Occasionally the Red-backed Sandpiper is found with them. Its bill is silghtly decurved and in spring the bird has a reddish back and a black patch on the belly.

Near the tules on the southern edge of the lagoon, the Black-crowned Night Heron stands at dusk. He is much smaller in body and shorter in leg than the Great-blue Heron who also sometimes visits the Lagoon. The immature Night Heron is streaked grey and brown and often is mistaken for the much browner Bittern which shows a distinctly two-colored wing in flight, the distal end being much darker brown than the rest of the wing. Adult Night Herons have a pearly, gull-like back and wings and two delicate white plumes attached to the back of the head. The iris is a dark blood-red.

Last summer, an immature Golden Eagle used to hunt on the hillside and fields of the Lower Hatton Ranch and near Oliver's Hill. He would fly and glide slowly, low over the ground, probably hunting ground squirrels, his chief article of diet. He looked enormous as we came upon him once, just above the skyline.

Just out of reach of the surf on the dark weedy rocks of Lobos or Point Cypress, there lives a dark brown and black bird with a long bright vermilion-red bill. Although he is called Oyster-catcher, he does not pursue these bivalves but feeds on other marine animals, particularly limpets which secure themselves tightly to rocks with their strong sucking disks. The brilliant vermilion bill is flattened vertically and serves as a chisel to pry the tiny abalone-like animal loose. Two or more are often seen feeding together. Once, as late as November, I saw parent birds feeding their full-grown young on the table-like rocks on the south shore of Lobos. An old bird would pry a limpet from the rock and then find some crevice in which to hold it, while the body was pried loose from the shell. The parent then either laid the morsel out upon the rock for the awaiting offspring, or allowed the youngster to pluck it directly from the bill. But after a while they became restless and flew away with wild excited cries.

Eight species of gulls may be found on the Monterey Peninsula during the winter. However, only one of these remains throughout the year. This is the large Western Gull, with the darkest slaty mantle of all except the much smaller Heerman's Gull. Immature Westerns, like many of the gulls, are a mottled brown and grey. They do not acquire adult plumage until the fourth spring after birth. From egg to maturity they go through a definite series of molts, grading from mottled grey to the slaty mantle and white head, body, and tail of the adult.

In winter, the California Gull comes down from mountain lakes of the north and west, and the Glaucous-winged Gull visits us from Alaska. The California is smaller than the Western and has a lighter-colored mantle. The Glaucous-winged is as large as the Western but has a mantle paler even than the California. The Ring-billed Gull's mantle is as pale as a Glaucous-winged, but the bird is the size of a California. It has a black band around its bill near the tip. The California has an almost complete black band on the bill but in the adults there is also a red spot back of the back on the lower mandible. The Herring Gull, the common gull along the Atlantic coast of the north-eastern United States, also occurs on the Peninsula in winter. It resembles the Glaucous-winged Gull but has black instead of grey trippings to the longest feathers of the wing. The smallest of our gulls is the dainty little Bonaparte's Gull, as small as a pigeon, which rests lightly on the waters of the Lagoon. It has a gray spot on the head behind the eye.

From its breeding places along the coast of Lower California, the red-billed, dark-mantled Heerman's Gull goes against the tide of migration and comes north to us after the breeding season. This species is fond of small fish and is often seen in flocks just beyond the great breakers that burst against the rocks on Point Cypress or Point Pinos. They feed in company with Cormorant, Pelicans and Shearwaters on fish which seem to appear on the surface suddenly and then disappear after a short time.

You are watching the wind blow mists from the spray of these waves and there are no birds in sight. Then comes a flock of Shearwaters alternately gliding and beating their wings. They fly swiftly, low, so low they are sometimes hidden in the trough. Suddenly one of them, without stopping the momentum of its flight dashes headlong into the water, followed by another, and then another. The rest of the flock turn and wheel about in large loops and circles, and as they turn you see the long, narrow, stiffly pointed wings, somewhat curved back and giving a bow-and-arrow effect with the body. Soon they are joined by the Heerman's Gull. Cormorants come also and attack the fish from beneath and the Pelicans scoop up the fry from the surface. The Heerman's Gulls descend flutteringly upon their prey but the Shearwaters plunge in from full flight, come up in a moment or so, hold their wings stretched out, then get up again and fly off. Soon the whole flock is again mysteriously out of sight.

The sooty Shearwater comes to us in the spring, not on the way to his nesting grounds, but to his winter haunts. He has raised his brood in a burrow in close company with many others on an island in the South Pacific, where our winter is their summer.

FLORA OF THE JEFFERS COUNTRY

By Lester Rowntree.

Being still drunk with the beauty of nights under the stars, nights in cupped desert sands and on windy southern mountain tops, the return to our own neck of the woods brings us a distinct feeling of appreciation of the unmistakable qualities that distinguish the growth of this section and the ineffaceable mark left by a unique past upon the contours of the peninsula region. The storm-thrown cypress of the headlands, the pines that darken the slopes, the canyon-hugging redwoods, once more the glossy undergrowth of dwarf-manzanita and ceanothus and further away the Santa Lucia fir and the California nutmeg, all unique in their isolated habitat and furnishing an invaluable richness to our countryside.

Where else can one find composed from so few elements such a lovely spring picture as that of a dell hanging above the cliffs:—blue lilac intertwined with morning-glory, indian paint-brush ranging in color from pale yellow to the deepest coral, and the golden poppy.

Up the valleys in April we will find a blue cloud of lupin over the hill sides, yellow tidy-tips lining the road-sides, and cream-cups, baby blue-eyes and yellow violets combining happily.

On the water's edge, grey, red-tipped cotyledon cling to the sheer granite cliffs; the less rugged slopes behond are carpeted in midsummer with the sea buckwheat

bloom in all shades of pink and rose, interspersed with gloden yarrow, and the lavender bloom of the beach aster, and wooly aster.

It is a relief to find some one with a grasp on the feel of the place, someone who can treat our forests and wild flowers with the dignity they should inspire, for they have suffered sorely at the hands of sentimentalists. The "white globed tulip. . .fed from peninsular forests of Monterey," "wild yellow violets of the live oak coppice," "Santa Cruz irisis," "fields winking full of poppies" and even the golden baeria of Point Joe—all have their place in the verse of Jeffers.

One lays down the books with a feeling of deep satisfaction and of gratitude to the man who can wrest from the soul of this fog-ridden strip of coast, smooth flowing lines of intensity and poignant beauty.

With the noisy meeting of wave and rock, the fading light on the pine tops and an evening with the poems of Robinson Jeffers, the magic of the spot again tightens its grip on the sensibilities and the beauty of the south pales in comparison.

Much has been written of the trees and plant life of our district and many erroneous references made, but no one has tied them to the landscape and to the very core of the land in which they grow as has Jeffers. The redwood of San Jose canyon, the writhing cypress of Point Lobos "the uplands where the great globes of the oak are like green planets each in his place," buckeye and scrub oak are inseparably interwoven in his descriptions. Things are portrayed as they really are and who can read "Fauna" without a better understanding and stronger love for the wooded slopes and canyons that come, fold on fold, down to the ocean side?

BIOGRAPHY

(From Authors' Who's Who.)

John Robinson Jeffers. Born Pittsburgh, 1887. School in Penn., Germany, chiefly Switzerland.

California in 1903. Occidental College Los Angeles 1905. Post graduate study literature, medicine, forestry, University of Zurich (Switzerland). University of Southern California. Washington.

Married—twin sons.

Built home on sea-cliff near Carmel 1919. Never travelled since.

Amusements. Stone-masonry (built granite tower, garage, garden walk with own hands.) Tree planting (2000). Swimming. Pipe smoking. Drives and walks in coast range, reverent admiration for hawks, herons and pelicans.

Discarded amusements: Long distance running, wrestling, alcoholism, canoeing.

Idiosyncrasies: Almost perfect inability to write a letter or kill an animal. Love of monotony and wet weather.

Ancestry: All pre-revolutionary American except paternal grandfather from Ireland.

Future: Probable visit to Ireland and elsewhere for a year.

Jeffers' parents were William Hamilton Jeffers and Anne Robinson Tuttle.

His early youth was spent in the country-side by the Ohio and he taught himself to swim in the river at the age of eight—his first triumph. He rambled alone a great deal. His father was a strict disciplinarian and a great student and the young boy was kept hard at his lessons. The Bible was read a great deal at home.

He always wanted to write poetry but says his first self-conscious interest in poetry was from a paper copy of Rossetti's Poems read to pieces at fourteen. Later he read and admired Swinburne, Wordsworth, Shelley, then Hardy, George Moore, Yeats. He sent a poem to "The Youth's Companion" at sixteen which was printed, but others were refused and he ceased sending out any more.

He was eighteen and a student at the University of Southern California when he first met Una, then Una Kuster, a student at the same place.

They were married seven years later.

THE BUTCHER LOOKS AT JEFFERS

Culture's outlived, art's root-cut, discovery's the way to walk in.

* * * *

. . .What is man? The filthiest of beasts: but a discoverer, God sprouted him for the sake of discovery.

I am not insane, I'd be content to be, to have learned causes and sources and have had lightening lighten my thirst.

* * * *

I have many streams running in the mind, they mingle on the lips, no matter, each one flows pure. . .

* * * *

There are many minds knitted with mine, I have never met them, when I send out my thoughts there are nerves to take it,

* * * *

. .A heron flew over, with that remote ridiculous cry, "Quawk," the cry that seems to make silence more silent. . .

. .I thought "No matter what happens to men. . .the world's well made though."

* * * *

. . .You making haste haste on decay: not blameworthy; life is good, be it stubbornly long or suddenly a mortal splendor: meteors are not needed less than mountains:

* * * *

There's no distinction, choice is fantastic.

* * * *

. . .The earth too's an emphemerid; the stars—short-lived as grass. . .spiral blind up space,. . .seeds of a future;. . . The whole sky's recurrences tick the seconds of the hours of the ages of the gulf before birth, and the gulf after death is like dated: to labor eighty years in a notch of eternity is nothing too tiresome, . . .

* * * *

. . .Introverted man. . .has begot giants; but being taken up like a maniac with self-love and inward conflicts cannot manage his hybrids. Being used to deal with edgeless dreams. . .

* * * *

Peace is not hard to have, it lies more near than breathing to the breast.

* * * *

. . .from different throats intone one language. So I believe if we were strong enough to listen without divisions of desire or terror. . .

"JOY"

To my friend Robinson Jeffers

JOY is not heroic or noble; you are right.
But it exists—in rare flashes recurrent like certain moments of each Spring.
And its brief flame has no lesser worth
Than that of the mountains or of the silence surrounding the mountains.

Can you or I divide this world into parcels of good and of evil,
Or separate the terror of the fluctuating waves from the terror of the unyielding rocks?
Or say—Stand here apart, Joy, thou dizzy wonder!
Or Say—stand there apart,Darkness, thou dizzy wonder!

No. . .
Darkness and silence will lend to you and to me, soon enough, their greatness.
But in the interval have the hills no flowers, the lovers no immortal laughter?

From my own window, at this moment,
I see the joyous sun shining down in golden mists
Around even your private tower of grey stone, yonder
Beside the dark blue sea.

—Arthur Davison Ficke.

JEFFERS ON "THE WOMEN AT POINT SUR"

The following is a letter Jeffers wrote to the poet James Rorty:

Dear Rorty:

You were right evidently about the need of an explanation. I have just read Mark Van Doren's article, and if he, a first rate critic and a poet and a good friend of my work, quite misunderstands the book, it is very likely that no one else will understand it at present.

You remember a couple of letters ago I spoke of the morality—perhaps I said old-fashioned mortality—implied in "Point Sur." "Tamar" seemed to my later thought to have a tendency to romanticise unmoral freedom, and it was evident a good many people took it that way. That way lies destruction of course, often for the individual but always for the social organism, and one of the later intentions of this "Point Sur" was to indicate the destruction, and strip everything but its natural ugliness from the unmorality. Barclay incited people to "be your desires. . .flame. . .enter freedom." The remnant of his sanity—if that was the image of himself that he met on the hilltop—asks him whether it was for love of mankind that he is "pouring poison into the little vessels?" He is forced to admit that if the motive seems love, the act is an act of hatred.

Another intention, this time a primary one,was to show in action the danger of that "Roan Stallion" idea of "breaking out of humanity," misinterpreted in the mind of a fool or a lunatic. (I take the idea to be what you expressed in "the heart is a thing to be broken," carried a little farther perhaps.) It is not anti-social, because it has nothing to do with society; but just as Ibsen in the Wild Duck made a warning against his own idea in the hands of a fool, so Point Sur was meant to be a warning; but at the same time a reassertion.

Van Doren's criticism assures me that I was quite successful in this intention and in the one about morality; only I proved my points so perfectly that he thinks—and therefore other intelligent people will think—that they are proved against me and in spite of me. I confess I didn't think of this; I didn't think about myself at all. So I have written in these two respects well but not wisely. For the rest the book was meant to be:

(1) An attempt to uncenter the human mind from itself. There is no health for the individual whose attention is taken up with his own mind and processes; equally there is no health for the society that is always introverted on its own members, as ours becomes more and more, the interest engaged inward in love and hatred, companionship and competition. These are necessary, of course, but as they absorb all the interest they become fatal. All past cultures have died of introversion at last, and so will this one, but the individual can be free of the net, in his mind. It is a matter of "trans-valuing values," to use the phrase of somebody that local people accuse me quite falsely of deriving from.

I have often used incest as a symbol to express these introversions, and used it too often.

(2) The book was meant to be a tragedy, that is an exhibition of essential elements by the burning away through pain and ruin of inertia and the unessential.

(3) A valid study in psychology; the study valid, the psychology morbid, sketching the growth of a whole system of emotional delusion from a "private impurity" that was quite hidden from consciousness until insanity brought it to the surface.

(4) Therefore a partial and fragmentary study of the origin of religions; which have been necessary to society in the past, and I think remain necessary whether we like it or not, yet they derive from a "private impurity" of some kind in their originators.

(5) A satire on human self-importance; referring back to (1).

(6) A judgement of the tendencies of our civilization, which has very evidently turned the corner down hill. "Powers increase and power perishes." Our literature, as I said in answer to the New Masses questionnaire, is not especially decadent (because in general it is not especially anything); but our civilization has begun to be.

(Some of you think that you can save society; I think it is impossible, and that you only hasten the process of decadence. Of course as a matter of right and pustice I sympathize with radicalism; and in any case I don't oppose it; from an abstract point of view there is no reason that I know of for propping and prolonging the period of decadence. Perhaps the more rapid it is, the more rapid comes a new start).

There were more intentions, but these are the chief ones that can readily be said in prose. Too many intentions. I believe they all carry over to an intelligent reader, as results though not as intentions, but no doubt I was asking him to hold too many things in mind at once. I had concentrated my energies for a long while on perceptions and expression, and forgot that the reader could not concentrate so long nor so intensely, nor from the same detached and inclusive viewpoint.

ONORIO'S VISION OF OUR LADY

FROM THE PRELUDE TO THE WOMEN AT POINT SUR

WOODCUT BY RAY BOYNTON

THE EAGLE FLIGHT IN CAWDOR

"Cawdor and Other Poems" by Robinson Jeffers. (Horace Liveright.) $2.50.

Perhaps the most superb piece of writing that Jeffers has ever done is that passage in Cawdor where he tells of the flight of the eagle's spirit to the sun. All the lightning of his vision, the fury of his passion, the depth of his perceptions are locked in that. Indeed, the caged bird is the tragic figure of the poem; more tragic than Cawdor, more terrible than the lust of Fera, a greater victim than Hood. The bird is a magnificent symbol of those solitary figures who are of a greater race than humanity. Crushed into narrow spaces, with barely wing-room, insulted, fed through bars, they watch the procession go by. "Cold-eyed, their blood burns." But enormous suffering is released finally into flight and "what leaped up to death, the extension of one storm-dark wing filling its world, was more than the soft garment that fell."

Out of the horror of slow torture, the spirit rises, seeing all little things take on their true measure of littleness; growth follows decay; light follows darkness; joy follows pain and all are no more than tides returning. The eagle-spirit soars beyond them—

"Pouring itself on fulfilment the eagle's passion
Left life behind and flew at the sun, its father.
The great unreal talons took peace for prey
Exultantly, their death beyond death; swooped upward and struck
Peace like a white fawn in a dell of fire."

Here in Carmel where all the world eventually comes to see what manner of man this is who tells these things, we are confronted by many kinds of people. Some are shocked, some are puzzled, some are amazed, some come to worship, some to denounce; but one and all agree that Jeffers is a great poet. And why? Because his gaze pierces beyond good and evil and beyond time and space. He can get far enough off from humanity to see it as one great family concerned primarily with one another, incestuously loving inward and blind to all that lies beyond. What have they to say, he asks, to compare with what the rock says, or the gull, or the mountain? In spite of the terror of his images, it is a very quiet asking. He merely presents the picture. By the very lash with which he flays humanity, he will release a spark to light a greater fire.

Because he has entered the consciousness of the rock on which his house is built, the voice of the rock speaks through him; and because he has learnt in more than one way the art of "making stone love stone," so will his voice be timeless even as the rock is timeless.

—Dora Hagemeyer.

TIME AND WESTERN MAN

By James Rorty.

When I left California a little over four years ago, the first edition of "Tamar" had been published over a year. Jeffers had completed some of his best work, and, at his own expense, had given California a chance to read it.

But Jeffers wasn't famous. It took some persuasion and a waiver of the usual space rate to induce the editor of a well-known magazine printed in San Francisco, to print a review of the book. Even then the editor murdered the review and added a footnote exculpating himself from any responsibility for the reviewer's opinions, which were, quite simply, that Jeffers is a great poet. George Sterling was of the same opinion and said as much to anybody and everybody who would listen to him. But California did not listen—not very attentively at least.

A year passed. Three of the most suthoritive review publications in America came out almost simultaneously with enthusiastic reviews of "Tamar." Promptly a well-known publisher reprinted that obscure volume with added material as "Roan Stallion, Tamar, and other poems." (Previously to the publication of the reviews they had curtly rejected "Tamar" in a letter to Jeffers' printer, an intelligent and generous person who had offered to waive all rights, turn over his plates—anything to get what he believed to be important work before the public.)

California read those New York reviews. California was impressed. Six months later I got a clipping from a San Francisco paper. There was Jeffers' picture, a picture of the stone tower, and several columns of enthusiasm. California had joined up. And now The Carmelite finds it quite natural and proper to print a special Jeffers number. California points with pride. California loves poetry—or is it merely famous poets?

I do not wish to seem ungracious. I do not wish to abuse the hospitality of The Carmelite by complaining about California, which is perhaps no more obtuse about such matters than other American communities—witness the New York publishers who experienced such an ex-extraordinary overnight conversion. I do, however, wish to make one or two points not unrelated to the occasion—the publication by The Carmelite of a special issue in honor of a first-rate poet whom California pretty much ignored until the applause of New York critics had made him famous.

It is very easy to honor oneself by honoring famous artists, musicians, poets. Colleges do it every commencement season. It is not so easy to honor the arts by serving them. Very few colleges do this, and very few communities in America or elsewhere.

Would California like to do this? It is not impossible. But why bother Jeffers, especially now that he has more fame than he needs? (He is, as a matter of fact, rather exceptionally immune to such vanities.) I note that the Book Club of California has recently published a de luxe edition of Jeffers. Why didn't they pay for the publication of Tamar, when, five years ago, Jeffers was obliged to stretch a none too large income in order to get it printed himself?

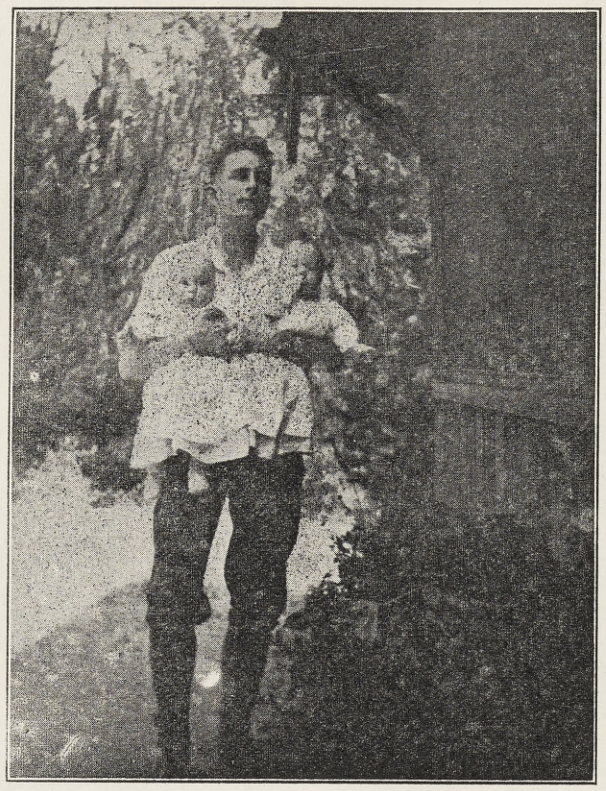
The year before I left California the Book Club of California engaged George Sterling, Genevive Taggard, and myself to compile an anthology of contemporary California poetry. We were all working people. Some of us, in fact, obliged to write a certain amount of commercial trash in order to keep alive, thereby sacrificing to a degree, our own hope of serious artistic accomplishment. But we all served without pay under the spell of a desire to do something, not for famous poets, but for poetry.

What happened? The printers, typesetters, paper makers, and book binders were all practical people and had to be paid. We had no voice in determining the format of the volume, so they had to be paid a good deal. Even so, the volume, when it appeared a year after our editorial labors had been completed, was rather ugly, because the Book Club of California had not engaged an artist to design it. This rather ugly volume sold for $15.00, and save for complimentary copies distributed to the editors and contributing poets, its ownership was restricted to members of the Book Club of California. We urged, since the only conceivable purpose of such a publication was to procure an audience for young, promising, but unrecognized poets, that review copies be sent to representive review publications. We were informed, however, that this could not be done because of the expense; neither was it possible to get out a cheap edition for general distribution.

That anthology cost $15 a volume, plus a slight blood transfusion contributed by Sterling, Miss Taggard, and myself, and it did practically no good to anybody.

I am aware that I am writing rather critically, and perhaps my premise is wrong. My premise is that the people of California, who possess both money and cultivation, desire to do something, not for themselves, but for the arts—specifically for poetry.

If that premise is sound I have some constructive suggestions to offer:
First, that the Book Club of California and all other organizations with the announced purpose of serving the arts, accept and follow the leadership of genuine artists in everything they do, in every expenditure of money and effort. Specifically, I recommend that the Book Club of California employ Robinson Jeffers, on a salary, to tell them what to



JEFFERS ÆT 30

do and how to do it; also that he be permitted to appoint his own advisory committee.

Second, that the next special issue of The Carmelite be devoted to presenting the work of unrecognized and comparatively unknown poets, and that Jeffers be asked to aid in selecting the manuscripts. It is possible, though not probable that there may be a first rate poet up in Ukiah or Sonora, and if so, Jeffers will be the first person to recognize him. It is safer, of course, to bet on a sure thing, but it is more fun to take a long chance. Also, art thrives on long chances, and we're all trying to serve art. If not, what, pray, is all the shouting about?

This is, after all, a special Jeffers issue, and I suppose I ought to stop yielding to my constitutional vice of optimism, and devote at least a final paragraph to the editor's assignment, which was to say something about Jeffers.

I think he is not only a first-rate poet, but an indigenous California poet, embodying in his work both the qualities and the defects of his state. The qualities are the power and beauty of the California landscape: the unhuman, even anti-human magnificence of its molten-metal hills, its purgatorial valleys, its cold Pacific tides. The defects are the slackness, the importance and the sentimentality of its people, but these defects are not inevitable or permanent either in the people of California or in the people of Jeffers' poems.

Art is after all a human function, and human beings are as great as anything in nature. When we think of Greece, do we think of its hills and its harbors, or do we think of Aeschylus, and of Socrates? I hope for California and for Jeffers a greater scene, a more equal tragedy, in which the human victory-in-defeat is as eternal a thing as the alternation of the tides, the sequence of the seasons.

JEFFERS AS PROSE-WRITER

(Taken from "Lights and Shadows from the Lantern" published monthly by Gelber, Lilienthal, Inc. San Francisco. Vol. 1, No. 7 November 1926).

ALL THE CORN IN ONE BARN

By Robinson Jeffers

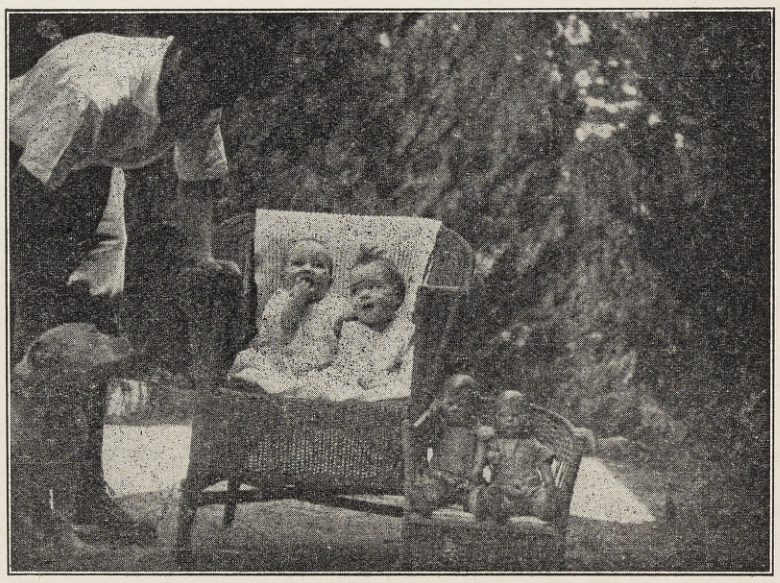
Author of "The Roan Stallion."

I promised a few words for this page. When I considered what to write about many subjects offered; but each wanted to be said in verse, or had been said in verse already, or being too trivial for verse was too trivial for use. Yet others write poetry and prose, too, both brilliantly. It is an age of specialists, except in writing. Here, since the workman would not specialize, the work tended to. Edgar Poe lived ahead of his time and formulated the tendency, saying in effect that there is no poetry but lyrical poetry. The belief became orthodox. Arthur Symons announced it as beautifully as possible; no one nowadays can put his world into a poem as Dante did; he may put it into a series of novels, like Balzac, but poetry in a too complex world can deal only with essences; it has withdrawn to an ivory tower, "where it sings, ignoring the many voices of the street."

Obviously a man has more to say than can be sung in a tower of ivory, and while this conception endures the poet will be seeking other vessels for his mind. The thoughts that might have fed the poem will flow into prose stories, criticism, philosophy. Perhaps they will be more at home there; but the drain might leave poetry only a lean imitation of music. There is something to be said for storing all the corn in one barn, and it seems to me that this is my unique and final appearance as a prose-writer.

(Note: Since then however Jeffers has appeared three or four times as prose-writer: once in a memorial article on George Sterling in The Overland Monthly (San Francisco), November 1927, in a review of James Rorty's poems, and one of Mark van Doren's "Now the Sky and other poems" in The Herald-Tribune literary section "Books" Dec. 2, 1928; and in his publisher's "blurbs").

"Permanent things are what is needful in
a poem, things temporally
'Of great dimension, things continually
renewed in her past and future;
"Fashionable and momentary things we
need not speak of."



A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE BOOKS BY ROBINSON JEFFERS

Compiled in part by R. H. Griffith, Curator of the Wrenn Library, and Completed.

Flagons and Apples. By John Robinson Jeffers. (Small vignette.) Los Angeles, U. S. A. Grafton Publishing Company. 1912. Octavo. Pp. (i-iv); (1)-46. Bound in brown boards, tan buckram back-strip, paper labels and front cover. Paper watermark: Dresden Pamphlet. Contents: Pp. (i-iv), half-title and title leaves; 1, short quotations from Italian Folk Song, The Song of Songs, and R. W. Emerson, reverse blank; 3, table of contents, reverse blank; 5-46, thirty-three poems. Copyrighted, 1912. First Edition.

Californians. By Robinson Jeffers. (Photograph vignette.) New York. The Macmillan Company. 1916. All rights reserved. Octavo. Pp. (i-viii); 1-217. Bound in blue linen, gilt lettered on back-strip and cover. Small vignette in gilt and green on front cover. Top edges gilt, others uncut. White dust wrapper. Contents: Pp. (i-iv), half-title and title leaves; (v-vi), table of contents, (vii), half-title, reverse blank; 1-214, thirty poems, 214-217, prose note. Eight pages of advertisements in back. Copyrighted, 1916. First Edition.

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Roan Stallion, Tamar, And Other Poems. By Robinson Jeffers. (Publisher's device.) New York. Boni & Liveright. 1925. Octavo. Pp. (i-x); 11-253; (254, blank.) Bound in purple boards, black back-strip, gilt lettered on back-strip and front cover, vignette in gilt and purple on front cover, top edges black, others uncut. Tan dust wrappers. Contents: Pp. (i-iv), half-title and title leaves; v, dedication page, reverse blank, vii-viii, table of contents; ix, half-title, reverse blank; 11-253, forty-one poems. Copyright, 1924, by Peter G. Boyle, and 1925 by Boni and Liveright, Inc.

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Poems. By Robinson Jeffers. With an introduction by B. H. Lehman and a photographic frontispiece by Ansel E. Adams. San Francisco. The Book Clhb of California, 1928. Quarto. Pp. xii, 54. Bound in green buckram, yellow back strip lettered in red on back strip. Flexible green cardboard slip-case. Contents: Notice signed by author; portrait study of author; title page; table of contents and note of acknowledgment to publisher and periodicals; Pp. v-xi Introduction; half-title; Pp. 3-49 sixteen poems. Edition limited to 310 numbered copies, each signed by the author. Printed by The Grabhorn Press from 14 pt. Goudy Modern type, hand-set, on Van Gelder paper. Initials in red, designed by Valenti Angelo. $8.00.

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Cawdor. Robinson Jeffers. New York... Horace Liveright, publishers. Octavo. Pp. (i-vi); 7-160. Bound in fawn and red boards, lettered in gold on back-strip, all edges uncut. Tissue paper dust wrapper and flexible red cardboard slip-case. Paper watermark; Publisher's device. Contents: Pp. (i-vi) half-title, notice signed by author and title leaves; v, table of contents, reverse blank; 7-160 seventeen poems. This is the tall paper edition, limited to 375 numbered copies, each signed by the author, of which 350 are for sale. Copyrighted 1928.

HE ANSWERS SOME QUESTIONS

"The New Masses" for January 1927 published answers by twelve well-known writers and poets to a questionnaire entitled "Are Artists People?" Jeffers was one of the twelve, and here are his answers.

1. Why do you write, draw or paint?

That is a subject for analytical autobiography, you haven't space. . .

2. Do you produce for yourself or for an audience? What audience?

For both. An indeterminable audience. One hopes for intelligence.

3. How would you define literary or artistic prostitution?

Dishonesty for hire.

4. Do you regard our contempory American culture as decadent? If so, what do you think will succeed it?

Not yet. What will follow? Centuries of increasing decadence.

5. Does the advent of the machine mean the death of art and culture, or does it mean the birth of a new culture?

"The advent of the machine" changes art and culture, but less than people imagine, and will neither kill nor initiate.

6. How should the artist adapt himself to the machine age?

The machine age is only a partial change; the artist should adapt himself to it without ignorance but without excitement. It provides at the most some shift of scenery for the old actors.

7. Can artists unite with each other to secure economic or artistic advancement. If not what group alliance may they seek?

Artists may find advantage in uniting with each other; it will be rather economic than artistic.

8. May society properly demand of the artist, not merely good craftsmanship and good reporting, but the "transvaluation of values"—the creation of new social values?

Society may properly wish for it, but it would be fatuous to demand what there is only the most exceptional chance of getting.

9. What attitude should the artist take to the revolutionary labor movement? Is there any hope of a new world culture through the rise of the workers to power? If so, what will that culture be like?

"The rise of the workers to power," if it should reach secure establishment, would produce a quietist, archaizing, lyrical, extremely formal sort of culture. During the time of the struggle and dissappointment, any revolutionary labor movement will react on creative work, as a source of power, and a source of disturbance; will break moulds, intensify and prevent ideas, force discoveries. But a really new culture could arise only beyond the Lethe of a new dark ages.

THE GIRL AND THE STONE-MASON

One day when Jeffers was mixing mortar down the hill back of his garage, a young woman appeared. She seemed to have sprung up from the ground. He glanced up and went on with his work. She spoke. She said she had come there because she wished to know the poet. He answered that he was too busy to talk just then.

Might she watch him awhile?

She might watch, if she wished, but he couldn't talk when he did stone work. That was his time to think. So he worked and she watched. He filled two buckets wtih mortar and carried them up the hill. She followed. She watched him lay the mortar, set the stones; she followed him back down the hill to stand and watch him fill the buckets again and again carry them up. All in silence, till he looked up and said gently:

'Aren't you tired standing there watching me?"

"Yes, I am tired standing," she answered, and took it as an invitation to come nearer and sit down. Another silence, then, charmingly she spoke: "Aren't there some people you like better than others?"

"Yes," he said, "there are."

A long watchful waiting, on the woman's part, a long, absorbed mortar-mixing by the stone-mason. Then the poet stood up, faced the woman and protested. "Really, you disturb my thought. Would you mind going on now?"

She sprang to her feet and set off down the hill, halted, turned and she had the last word. "If you ever run out of stones," she said, "use yourself. You are a man of stone."

He went right on building the stone wall around himself till it was the hour to water the trees that are to make him a screen. When they are full grown, he will have his tower from which he and his wife can look out upon the world of men and women.

UNA AND THE GUN

The following story is told of Una Jeffers. She had been annoyed for some time by campers coming and helping themselves to her wood-pile, to light their fires on the beach. She resolved to catch the next thief.

On looking out of the window one holiday morning she observed a party coming in the direction of the solitary-looking house. She watched. Sure enough; it was the woodpile on which they had designs. She let them make several trips to the beach carrying wood. She waited till they had all they wanted, then she took the gun and casually strolled down to the rocks.

"Take that wood back where you got it from," she said in her quiet voice. She followed them back and forth, still holding the gun. When they had returned the last stick, she gently dared them ever to do it again and walked in to enjoy the joke with her family.

WHY THE TOWER

When Jeffers had finished building his forty foot tower he went up one night intending to remove some mortar from the oriole. But Mrs. Jeffers had had enough.

"Don't climb down on to that, Robin, my nerves won't stand it."

But when she wasn't looking Robin fixed a rope and lowered it on to the oriole and started lowering himself.

Some workmen who had been building on the nearby convent for a long while and had often stopped to watch and speculate about the silent solitary stone-mason building so ceaselessly, watched him in horror and then came running. The solution to the hermit's madness has been found! He was going to hang himself! That's why he had built that tower—to hang himself.

They looked up trembling, and saw him carefully scratching mortar off the little oriole. They returned sheepishly to their convent.

A Carmel woman who had lived some ten years in Carmel saw a copy of Remsen's portrait of Jeffers.

"Who is that guy?" she asked.

"Why, that's Jeffers."

"And who's he?"

"Robinson Jeffers? The poet who lives in that little stone house out on the point. . .

"Poet! Oh, I remember. Isn't he the guy that wrote that thing, 'The Ruined Stallion'?"

LINOLEUM CUT BY STANLEY WOOD